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BEYOND THE HORIZON

BEYOND THE HORIZON

THE STORY OF
A RADICAL EMIGRANT

BY

THOMAS B. EYGES



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AUTHOR'S NOTE

Without being apologetic, I feel and must say, that I had no intention to write this book. I have always liked to read books but have never before had any desire to write one. However, things happen.

An editor of a certain publication requested a biographical sketch of my life and experience during my 50 years of activity in the Socialist and Labor Movement, part of which was also to be used in the article intended to mark my 70th anniversary. I fulfilled his request. Yet, after delivering the short manuscript, reminiscences developed thoughts and memories as I see and understand them now; the manuscript grew, until it became the size of a book.

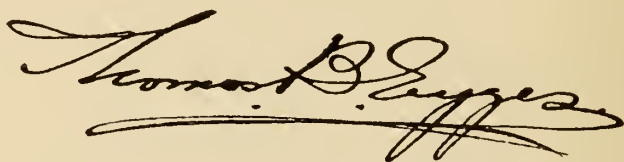
Here it is. Some thoughts in this book may be right or they may be wrong. That remains for the judgment of the reader. I ask only that it be read without prejudice. I expressed my thoughts freely and hope they will be received likewise.

I take this opportunity to express my sincere thanks to my friend M. Tubiash for his encouragement in the publication of the manuscript. My appreciation and thanks go also to the Press Committee, composed of Sonia Sklar, A.

Author's Note

Israel and J. Meltzer, for their untiring efforts which made it possible for this book to see the light.

Last but not least I express my gratitude to the advance subscribers and friends who gave material aid to make the publication of this book possible.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Thomas B. Eyges". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline that extends across the width of the name.

THOMAS B. EYGES

TO
DORA
*a devoted wife
and mother*

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INTRODUCTION

It is a truism that autobiographies are more interesting for the authors' opinions than for the facts he relates and for this writer Mot's reminiscences are a case in point.

Born in Russia, under the reign of the Romanofs, Mot's life was uneventful until he reached adolescence. His parents were poor but life was not undulant hard. He had no particular trouble until a student gave him some literature, literature which might have had no effect on his mind. But the secret police, always on the lookout for anything subversive, traced it to him. From that time on they kept him under close observation. Their frequent visits to his home frightened his mother and she decided to get him out of the country. This required careful planning, money and the assistance of relatives and friends. However, his mother was intelligent and resourceful, and the task was finally accomplished.

In those days London was the Mecca, and often a half-way house to the United States for such refugees, and Mot followed the route on which countless others had preceded him. At the age of sixteen, after some hardships and minor adventures, he arrived in London without an address to go to, penniless and totally ignorant of the English language. The task confronting him was formidable if not overwhelming. How he met it, found a place for himself, made a living and arrived at the theories he has held for close to a half century can be found in the pages of this book.

To some readers the book will seem like a success story: How a penniless boy without friends in a strange country overcame hardships and difficulties, earned a living, edu-

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cated himself, raised a family and managed to live an interesting and colorful life. Those who share his social views will live over again their own experiences and find pleasure in so doing. Others, unfamiliar with the theory of anarchism, how its exponents came to accept it and how they reconcile it with everyday life, may find an answer to their own questionings of our present social system.

Russia has given many social revolutionaries to the world. Some of them were great and well-known men, others plain and obscure people whose ideas ranged from an iron clad dictatorship to a society based upon voluntary association and good will, that is, Anarchism, as well as others who repudiated both extremes but borrowed from one or the other.

It is a far cry from the theories of the two great anarchists, Bakunin and Kropotkin, to those of Marx, Lenin and Stalin. While the theoretical issues seemed clear enough in the seventies and eighties of last century, the proponents of anarchism and socialism lacked the actual experience of the past twenty-five years to orient them in their thinking. Few social revolutionaries of that day would have admitted the possibility that a state calling itself *communist* would make war on a state like Finland with a socialist premier and a socialist majority in its parliament or that the latter would be fighting on the side of Nazi Germany. Likewise, it would have been called a calumny of the first order to have predicted that the premier of the same communist state would assert that Germany must have an army when all socialists, of whatever school, knew that standing armies meant militarism and that in turn meant a constant threat to the liberty of the people. In short, no socialist of the latter part of the nineteenth century believed for a moment in the possibility of a war between communist and socialist states

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or of one socialist state against another.

When Mot arrived in London in 1890, these theories were being hotly discussed and discussed openly, for the England of that day was a far different place from what it is today. Poverty and wealth existed side by side as they do today, but there was a degree of civil liberty then that is simply unimaginable to the present generation. The East End of London was a seething cauldron of discussion. Cries for a social revolution and the overthrow of the capitalist system were heard from a score of platforms day and night. Part of the East End was predominantly Jewish and predominantly Jewish meant a ferment of ideas and ideals. London was also a place where social and political revolutionists of various schools and many nationalities found a haven: a place where they could cooperate, quarrel or even fight to their heart's content; in short, a city which had no exact counterpart in the entire world. The misery of the masses was great enough to develop a bitter feeling and the tradition of civil liberty strong enough to give vent to that bitterness, so that the Apostles of social change never lacked an audience, supporters or even opponents. As long as the advocates fought shy of naming the individuals they could say pretty much what they pleased.

The hanging of the Chicago Anarchists in 1887 had repercussions in far off London, widening the breach between the Social Democratic Federation and the Socialist League, the founder of which was William Morris, one of England's greatest poets. There was a strong similarity between the free communism of Morris and anarchist communism of Kropotkin, for neither believed in the political State. Both advocated a society whose philosophy was "from each according to his ability to each according to his needs." But the latter believed in the machine age whereas

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the former wanted a society based upon arts and crafts. One was a scientist, the other a poet. At the death of the poet, Kropotkin stated in his memoir of Morris that *News From Nowhere*, a fantasy of the future, was the best anarchist romance ever written, and with the strike of the dock workers involving thousands of men for six pence (about twelve cents) an hour for this hard and dangerous work with the slogan "The Dockers' Tanner" enlisted the support of socialists and radicals of every shade. For a time it looked as if it might bring in its train the "social revolution" itself.

The inequalities of wealth which Mot saw and felt were but slightly different in form from those in Russia, but the freedom of expression in speech as well as in print, had its compensations. It must have given Mot the thrill of his young life to be able to denounce not only the boss but the government as well without fear of the police or the knout of the Cossack. The exercise of this freedom must have in some measure atoned for the hard work, long hours and miserable pay he was receiving. However, it is improbable that he saw or understood the implications of anarchism and their relations to the daily life around him. But, as Kropotkin said, it is hope that makes men revolutionists and not despair. Perhaps it was also the romanticism of youth in him which envisioned a commune of free men and women, smiling faces and happy children, and caused him to listen to the advocates of the different schools of thought. And it was undoubtedly the same romanticism of youth that prompted him to throw in his lot with the more idealistic theory.

It would be a mistake, however, to assume that Mot lacked a practical sense. After fifteen years in London, in spite of a gradual improvement in his lot, he felt the call

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of the new world and set out for America. He was still a young man although married and the head of a family. He succeeded here as he had in England, but held to his ideals through the years. The most interesting part of this to me is that he did it while spending most of his time in a commercial occupation, for there is nothing so deadening to social ideals as business. All attempts to prove that one can be honest and successful in business is like trying to square the circle. Profit takes precedence over every other factor in business. Men are constantly trying to prove the contrary, but the argument is never convincing, at least not to me.

The forty years since Mot came to this country have seen many changes in the life of the nation and people, but basically the social and economic systems have remained the same, and the need for a change is as imperative as it was when Mot came here. Whether those changes will take place and what form they will assume no one can tell with precision, but the present tendency seems to be towards a larger degree of government regulation with the worst exploiters and most reactionary forces the loudest in their denunciation of "government interference". In the matter of government regulation I am inclined to think that Mot's enthusiasm for the New Deal policies will not be shared by many readers of this book. They may, and probably will respect Mr. Roosevelt's intentions, but whatever his intentions are they do not embody the philosophy of anarchism nor tend in an anarchist direction. There are many roads to Rome, but it is doubtful, to say the least, that by strengthening the power of the government is to achieve freedom as the anarchist understands that term.

Perhaps the philosophy of anarchism has its greatest appeal to the young at heart. At any rate, the following

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anecdote seems to bear out this view. Voltairine De Cleyre talking with Kropotkin lamented that the young people, after only a few years of enthusiasm and activity for anarchist ideals, faded away and were lost and Kropotkin consoled her with the reply, "let them go, Voltairine, we had the best of them, we had them when they were young."

— HARRY KELLY

December, 1943
New York

*. . . Saith Man to Man
We've heard and known,
That we no Master need,
To live upon
This earth our own
In fair and Manly deed . . .*

WILLIAM MORRIS

Part One

CHAPTER I

BIRTHPLACE AND CHILDHOOD

Vilno is a town in Poland, capital of the province of the same name. Founded in the 10th century, it became important first as the capital of Lithuania. Later it became the capital of Poland in the days of King Kasimir and still later the center of Polish erudition. In 1785 Russia finally retained it, after the partition of Poland, when Poland fought Russia and lost her whole sovereignty.

Vilno was claimed for a long time by both Lithuania and Poland. Like Alsace-Lorraine between Germany and France, it changed hands between Lithuania and Poland several times, each claiming it for its capital city. Then Warsaw became the capital city of Poland, only later to go down under the rule of the Tzars, and after the war of 1918 again became the capital of Poland. The Lithuanians have never ceased to protest the Polish occupation of their historic city.

Vilno was a modern populous city, with wide paved streets and fine buildings, but also retaining a number of antiquated narrow muddy streets, with old fashioned stores and inns. Its suburbs of Antokol, Lukishki, Pogulanka, Zaretche, Vileyka, and other sections were, however, unsurpassed, the latter being named after the beautiful winding river Vileya.

It was the foremost cultural city of Poland, having had the first printnig press in 1519. Among other indus-

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tries, book printing made it famous, both for general culture and the production of prayer books in the old Hebrew language. The printers, Rome Bros., were known all over Europe.

Vilno was the birthplace of Mot Segye, the "hero" of our story, *Beyond the Horizon*.

Mot remembers well — when he was about five years old — a little Inn on a side street in Vilno. The Inn, "Sheink", was managed by his parents. His mother was the general manager, while his father took a very passive interest in the business.

Count Ignatus, the owner of the property, was a frequent visitor at the Inn. He was a tall man with large mustache and side whiskers. He wore a peculiar smile while constantly blinking. Little Motty would receive a coin from the Count for kicking at the counter, as an accompaniment, while the Count would sing "Ach du liebe Augustin", smiling and blinking throughout the performance, and it would end with the ordering of another drink by the the Count, while at the same time blinking and flirting with the waitress.

Mot's father was about thirty years older than his mother. He was an assistant cashier at the Neiman Banking Institution, where his father was the chief cashier.

The old Maurice Neiman retired from business. As he was a bachelor, he had no one to continue the business for him, and it closed. When Mot's grandfather was pensioned off by his employer, his son found himself jobless. He did not like the Inn very well, so he decided to go to Moscow with his family.

Mot remembers the journey from Vilno to Moscow, and the fight he had with his brother Charley, who was two years older. The fight was for the seat near the window.

Birthplace and Childhood

Charley won the fight, but little Motty being favored by his mother got the seat just the same, and Charley was forced to abdicate.

Mot's father, Baruch Segye, was generally a passive man. He took little interest in household or family affairs, he was a book lover, an intellectual man, a college graduate with a special post-graduate of the Leipzig University in the faculty of chemistry. He was neither a freethinker nor a religious. He was interested in science for science sake; a man of few words in conversation, he was extremely honest and inclined to believe that everybody else is honest. He abhorred "business" because, as he used to say, "in business one is inclined to exaggerate and often lie".

Having had considerable knowledge in chemistry and languages he was in hopes that in the big city, in Moscow, he will be able to exploit his knowledge in science. But his hopes did not materialize. Destiny seems to have its own ways in the life of every man and woman.

His failure to procure a position to his liking was due perhaps mostly to race prejudice, being a Jew discrimination went against him.

In Moscow Mot's father was jobless for some time, so his mother started a private boarding house and thereby succeeded in making ends meet. There were six in the family — father, mother, and four boys. His mother had great difficulties to carry on the restaurant without a license. She had to appear before the board of examiners to pass an examination as chef. Many obstacles were put in her way and a bribe was necessary. She had no money, but after carrying over a pot full of cooked fish and a bottle of liquor to the Police Commissioner, the big chief ordered the issuance of the license, quite convinced that she was a good cook. The restaurant did well, and Mot was kept busy car-

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rying dinners to the offices, as some of the customers could not spare the time to come to the restaurant.

One "boarder" impressed himself on the mind of Mot. A tall man of about thirty-five, with mustache and a small vandyke with pince-nez on his nose, he seldom ate his meal at the table. He would take a piece of food from his plate and chew it while pacing the room to and from the table, with his hands folded behind his back, at times exclaiming in Russian the word "neuschelli" (is it possible), for which Mot's mother nicknamed the man: "Neuschelli".

Mot's father finally secured a job in a silk factory as a supervisor, to watch the women work and keep time. For this he received twelve rubles a month.

For some reason or another, Mot's father and mother did not pull together. There was a quiet discord between them. It was due, perhaps, to the fact that when they married, she was only seventeen, while he was forty-seven, a widower, quiet and passive, while she was lively and active. Now in Moscow she was still young and attractive and some of the boarders who came to eat, would flirt with her. That would make Mot's father jealous and very much disturbed. He could not persuade her to give up the restaurant, since he alone could not support the family. He began to correspond with his sons by his first wife, who were in America. They suggested that he come over. He finally decided to go to America, a suggestion to which Mot's mother would not even listen, and so they agreed to part by divorce. Mot's father left Moscow for the new world at the age of sixty and Mot never saw his father again. His mother had to rearrange her life and after a year or so, she gave up the restaurant.

Mot's two older brothers went back to Vilno, one of them dying shortly after. The other then went to America.

Birthplace and Childhood

Mot's brother, Charlie, became an apprentice with room and board and Mot, who was then at the age of nine, lived with his mother in an apartment of three rooms on Stretenka street.

At the suggestion of one of her former boarders, a wholesale merchant who advanced her credit, Mot's mother became an installment pedler, selling furs, jewelry and clothing to women of the theatrical profession.

Mot's mother was a very energetic woman and an optimist. She did not seem to believe in the "impossible". When she made up her mind to do something, she went right ahead to do it, paying no heed to obstacles; always joyful, smiling and singing. She dressed in stylish fine clothes of silks and furs and using fine imported perfumes. During her meals, there was always a bottle of Cognac, wine and Bon-Bons as a dessert. She very seldom walked in her business, always hailing a "*isvoschik*" (taxi) regardless of the distance.

She came to Boston from Russia at the age of 80 and even during her first year in a strange city, she always found her way to go and come back — never getting lost. Whenever she had to cross the street, she stood in the middle of the road with her hands up to stop the traffic. One evening Mot took the street car on Blue Hill Avenue and from the rear he noticed an old woman arguing with the motorman and shouting "Omchet!" "Omchet!" The voice sounding familiar, Mot walked over to investigate; the old lady was his mother, arguing with the motorman in excitement.

Mot touched her on the shoulder.

— "What is the matter, mother; what 's the trouble?" he asked her in Jewish.

She was surprised to see him and almost in tears from excitement she said to Mot:

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— “Oh Mot dear, this man — pointing at the motorman — does not understand English. I keep telling him ‘Omchet’ ‘Omchet’ and he does not even answer me, what’s the matter with him, that ‘poyer’ (guy)?”

Mot explained to the motorman that the old lady wants to get off at Homestead Street, but to her it was “Omchet”. The motorman smiled good-naturedly, so did also Mot’s mother, and everything ended in peace.

She lived a ripe old age and died at the age of 96.

CHAPTER II

MOT'S BOYHOOD

When Mot's mother turned over a new leaf in her life, he was then scarcely eleven. He entered the boys' school in his neighborhood, Alexander's Trade School, established and maintained by the wealthy Jewry of Moscow. Its program consisted of eight years of study — four years of grammar school and four years of training in mechanical engineering. The orphan boys were provided there with shelter, board and clothing during the eight years. The hours were from eight a. m. to four p. m. At ten in the morning, Semyon, the caretaker rang the bell for recess, at which time he would open a large closet in the wall stocked full of baked goodies and for three kopeks a boy would buy a *kalatsch* — a double twisted horseshoe doughnut — or a different kind of cake. A glass of milk was provided free. The recess lasted twenty minutes. Three more recesses were allowed which were at twelve to one at noon and at two and three in the afternoon — ten minutes each.

The faculty consisted of eight teachers of which two were Jewish — the principal and superintendent. The rest were gentiles. At the beginning of each class the boys were seated, two at a desk, all ready with their books, pads, pens and pencils, and as soon as the teacher entered, notebook under his arm, the class would rise and remain standing until he would order them to sit. Each teacher had his peculiar characteristics, but three of them have left an indelible impression on Mot's memory.

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One of them was Dr. Minor, a very learned man, the Chief Rabbi of Moscow, a Ph.D. He came every Friday for the instruction of Jewish History. His lesson consisted in explaining the Old Testament and the Bible with special emphasis on the Prophets — all in Russian. He was near-sighted and slightly deaf, a splendid speaker but with a peculiar voice, like a bleat of a sheep. During the lesson the boys would cough and sneeze, but since he was hard of hearing, they were not reprimanded.

Another teacher was Bucharin. He taught penmanship (*Chistopisania*). He was invariably drunk, but he did his work with perfection, writing on the big blackboard with white chalk the letters of the alphabet and illustrative sentences. Then he would step to the rear of the classroom, tipsy, aim with the piece of chalk at the blackboard and hit it. The chalk would hit the mark just where he wanted it — a period at the end of his writing.

The third was Alexey Petrovitch, the teacher in Geography. He was indeed a very good teacher, but mercilessly strict. On one occasion he talked to the class on the subject of day and night. He told the boys that the sun in reality never rises nor sets; it gets light and dark because of the earth revolving around the sun. He demonstrated it. He lit a little lamp with a small wick, then he rose from his seat, crossed to the window and closed the inner shutters. The room remained in darkness except for the dim light from the small burning wick. He then took a big round green apple, stuck it on the point of his pencil and turned it slowly, holding the apple slightly tilted, near the dim burning small lamp, thus illuminating one side of the apple, while the other side remained in total darkness. During this performance, he explained that the apple represents the Globe — the Earth — and the lamp represents the Sun

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and, while it is getting lighter in one part of the globe, it is, at the same time getting darker in other parts of the globe and vice versa.

When he was through with the demonstration, he opened the shutters, came back to his table and asked the class if everybody understood it thoroughly. There was no response. He took a vote. All those who understood it were to raise their right hand. Few hands went up. He called one boy over and told him to explain to the class. Lost, the boy stood without uttering a word. After a minute or two, Alexey Petrovitch ordered the boy to hold out his hand on which he landed swift blows with his heavy oak ruler. The boy let out a yell. He was Mot's pal and so Mot yelled, too. Semyon was then called in and the teacher ordered Mot to be placed in "carcer", solitary confinement, for one hour and to receive a zero for his mark that day, but the boy — Mot's pal — who was punished severely with the oak ruler, received a Five, which is the highest mark. Mot was never able to understand the peculiar decision on the part of Alexey Petrovitch, the teacher.

Mot entered school at the age of eleven and when he was fourteen he was expelled. The reason for his expulsion was as follows: In the same house, where Mot lived with his mother, there lived upstairs a family by the name of Liberman. There was a young man about eighteen a *gymnast*, a high school student, who occasionally met Mot. On every such occasion young Liberman in talking to Mot, inquired about his studies, how he was getting along in school, etc. To Mot it was the highest achievement in honor, that a *gymnast* would stop to talk to him, be friendly and offer him help in his studies. On several occasions Liberman gave him pamphlets which contained fables and other short stories, some of them difficult for Mot to

Mot's Boyhood

understand. Liberman told Mot that if at any time someone would ask him where he procured the *knishki*, pamphlets, Mot was not to divulge his name, giving as a reason that he did not want any one else to come and ask him for those little books.

Mot took some of those booklets with him to school to show them to his pal. One day the principal noticed those booklets and took them away from Mot. The next day he was called before the school principal and was questioned as to where he had procured them. Mot did not divulge the name of the giver, but said that someone on the street, a stranger, had given them to him. He was also asked whether he had more of those booklets at home. Mot was frightened and did not answer. The next day two men came to his house to search, and found two more booklets, which they took with them. A week later he was expelled from school. His mother went to the principal and then to the superintendent, crying and begging them to readmit her boy to the school, but without avail. Mot was not permitted to come to school again. She was frantic; she could not understand what was the great offense her boy had committed to cause such drastic action on the part of the school authorities. On questioning her boy, she was unable to find any reason, either, since he was not aware of the reason and could not give one. The reason was obvious to everyone else, however. The booklets contained revolutionary propaganda in camouflaged form, which Mot was too young to understand anyway. The literature was illegal.

Mot made his last attempt to be reinstated in school. He appeared before Mr. Malkiel Jr., a member of the board of trustees of the school. He listened to Mot's plea and promised to investigate and let him know. Mot never heard from him.

Mot's Boyhood

One day he met his school companion who told him that something unusual happened in school. Three young men, who were about to graduate were arrested during a session. They were Palaish, Epstein and Gilaroff. The latter was shortly after released. The other two never came back to school.

Now, that Mot had no school to attend, he spent a great deal of his time in the small park of the Monastery grounds, which was across the street. He liked to watch the monks in their long black garments and white collars, walking leisurely in the park, feeding the pigeons. He became acquainted with one of the monks, who was very friendly and kind to him. The monk took him around to show him the interior of the monastery. Mot was enchanted, fascinated with what he saw. The neat little rooms, where the monks lived, the beautiful decorations in the study rooms and most of all, the exquisite, costly decorations in the small chapel, where the monks worshipped individually. Later he was introduced by the kind monk to Matvey, the *kolokolnick* (bell ringer).

Matvey was a tall, bearded man, with marked features and huge hands. He took Mot up to the steeple of the monastery, to show him how the bells were rung. There were six in all. One was suspended in the middle on heavy chains, a huge bell, the bass, with a heavy long tongue that swung itself for a long time of its own weight. The next was slightly smaller, the tenor bell. The tongue of the tenor was attached with a rope to a board, which in turn was attached to the floor, on a hinge and operated with the right foot. Two smaller ones were the sopranos, the tongues of which were operated with two strings held by the ringer, one in each hand. The last two bells were the altos. The tongues of these were also swung by two strings, attached

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to the elbows of the bell-ringer and thus, a certain tune was rung out by the movements of the wrists, elbows, the pressing of the right foot and an occasional swing of the heavy tongue of the bass.

Mot was all agog at the sight of the bells, watching and listening to the performance. He came up several times to watch the bell-ringing, expressing the desire to learn the art. The good Matvey first allowed him to ring the tenor by pressing with his right foot on the board, every time Matvey nodded his head. Having accomplished that, Matvey later entrusted him with the ringing of the smaller bells by the movement of his wrists and finally, after many rehearsals, Mot was permitted to do the whole performance by himself. Matvey was in ecstasy over Mot's technique and gave him ten kopeks when the performance was over. Mot repeated the bell ringing on the steeple of the monastery on several occasions, receiving his remuneration each time. His mother found out what he had been doing and she forbade him to ring the bells. Thus Mot lost his knowledge of the art of church bell ringing forever.

Once upon a time a huge bell fell from the tall church steeple called the Ivanovsky. The bell with a large piece broken out of it, stood on the grounds near the entrance to the Kremlin. There was enough room under the bell to shelter a family.

There were two famous church cities in Russia — Moscow and Kiev. Moscow was known to have the most churches and was renowned for its many beautiful bells, while Kiev was famous for many tombs containing the remains of great Saints, like Pecherskaya Lavra and others. To Kiev were made annual crusades of Russian peasants, religious fanatics with various diseases, to be healed by praying to those Saints and touching their tombs.

CHAPTER III

MASHA

During the summer months, Mot's mother used to go to Nishzny Novogorod (Lower Newton), a city on the great river Volga, where an annual Fair took place. This event was her vacation combined with business. On such occasions, she stored the furniture, Mot was placed with some family to board during her absence, and after her return she hired other rooms and set up housekeeping again. Now that Mot was not attending school and the time for his mother's departure to the Fair arrived, she was reluctant to give up her apartment and decided to leave Mot with the young servant she hired. Before leaving, she promised to return home earlier than usual and to award Mot for good behavior, she promised to bring him an extraordinary gift.

For the first time in his life Mot found himself alone with a strange woman in the house. Masha, the young woman, took good care of him; she prepared the meals to his liking and did everything to please him. After she made his bed for him and after his retiring, she even came over to see whether he was comfortable and well covered.

Remaining alone the first night after his mother's departure, he was restless. He could not fall asleep. He was nervous, and peculiar thoughts crowded into his mind. He had visions, strange visions, — visions of strange persons coming into the house, perhaps to kill him, to rob the house, or perhaps even set it on fire. At such times, he opened his eyes wide, looked around, listened, and at the slightest noise

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outside, a cold perspiration came out on his forehead. Then he would close his eyes, quickly pull the covers over his head and try to fall asleep. Thus he spent a restless night, until exhausted and tired, he finally, near dawn, sank into a deep slumber. He slept until late the next morning and Masha had to wake him. The following night he fell asleep much easier, as none of the visions of the first night bothered him.

One night, a week later, he went to bed earlier than usual and fell asleep within a short while. He slept soundly for several hours. Suddenly he awoke. He felt something touching his bed, his coverings. It was dark. He could see nothing.

"What is it? Who is it? !" he exclaimed, frightened.

"Sh, sh, sh, don't make a noise, Motty. It's me, Masha."

"What do you want of me?" he said — slightly hoarse.

"Mne scuchno" — I am lonesome — "I want to lie beside you, in your bed" — and before he had a chance to say anything, she had lifted the covering and slipped into his bed.

Mot was frightened. He could not understand why she came into his bed. Did she intend to harm him? If so, why? What was she going to do to him? He was at loss to understand why she should harm him, since he could not recall anything that he had said or done to prompt her to any such action. He lay beside her, speechless, resigned to whatever would occur.

Suddenly Masha drew nearer to him. She put her right arm around him, drawing him nearer to her and with her left, she gently stroked his hair. He felt her warm body, while his face touched her breast. The fear left him. He drew slightly nearer to her. Slowly he put his arm over her shoulder and then their lips met in an affectionate kiss.

He had just passed his fifteenth birthday. Masha was

Masha

hired about a month before his mother left for the fair. At the time of hiring, she told his mother that she was twenty-one. She had married when she was eighteen and her husband had died three months after their wedding. Mot was a tall boy for his age, with bushy, black hair and dark brown eyes. Masha was not so tall as Mot, but she was very pretty with long blond hair and blue eyes.

They were getting along splendidly during the absence of Mot's mother. During meals Masha sat near him, watching him eat and calling him endearing names. Mot, in turn, would lift his head, and look at her with a smile. Some evenings they took walks together and came home in time to retire. Thus they spent six pleasant weeks together. Then a letter came from his mother in which she wrote that she was arriving at the end of the week. The last few days before her arrival, Masha did not come near his bed.

At the end of the week, on a Friday, his mother came home. The next day Masha got her things together and left. Mot's mother offered her a gift she had brought, but she refused. Nor would she accept the offer of higher wages. All efforts on the part of Mot's mother to induce her to stay were futile. Masha left without giving any reason. Mot watched her go with a lump in his throat . . . perhaps never to see her again. . . .

CHAPTER IV

MOT'S FIRST TRAVELS AND ARREST

Every resident in Moscow, with the exception of a married woman who lived with her husband, had to have a passport which had to be registered and renewed yearly. Mot's mother, divorced, had to have a passport in her own name. The passport was sent to her from Vilno, where she was born. On one occasion she wrote to her brother for a passport, but received no reply. As the time for its expiration was approaching she decided to send Mot to get it. Her friend, Olga Nicolayevna, came to stay with her while *Mot left on his errand to Vilno.* On his arrival, his grandmother was happy to see him a grown boy. She had not seen him since he left Vilno, over ten years. The next day came his uncle, who was to procure the passport. He was a tall man with an intelligent face, a short beard and a slight stammer. He inquired about Mot's mother, about Moscow, and about the journey. Then he made an appointment with Mot for the next day to go to City Hall for the passport.

At the appointed time the uncle came to take Mot with him. On the way the uncle took Mot to show him the "Inn" his mother used to manage, and, when they got there, he asked Mot if he had any money with him. Mot handed him ten rubles. His uncle took a couple of drinks, nibbled at the free lunch on the counter, and became quite talkative. He entered into conversation with the proprietor, telling him about Moscow, bragging about his sister,

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about Mot, about how smart he was, etc. Mot began to feel uncomfortable. He wanted to go and after pulling his uncle's coat several times, they finally left. He made two other calls, which were supposed to have been on business. Then they decided to have lunch, so the uncle visited another inn, and, while Mot had a light lunch, his uncle had a couple of drinks with "nibblings". They left the inn, and on the way the uncle met some acquaintances with whom he stopped to talk. It became too late to go to City Hall, so they decided to go home.

The following day was spent in about the same manner, only with slight variations. Mot was disgusted and refused to go out with his uncle any more. Two more days elapsed. Then his uncle came again. The old lady — Mot's grandmother — asked him about the passport. He said he did not get it. She questioned him about the money, about which he explained — stammering in his excitement — that he had spent some of it and paid his rent with the rest. The old lady was indignant. She remonstrated, protested, but after all, nothing could be done. The money was gone. Mot wrote to his mother for more money, the reason for it he promised to explain on his return home.

During his stay with his grandmother, he felt lonesome and miserable. He had no one to associate with and no place to go. He spent restless nights in his bed, lying awake, thinking of Moscow, of the lively streets, so many places to go, of his friends, and of Masha. He could not forget her. The thought of her made him homesick. He had hopes that in Moscow he would meet her somewhere — sometime. The following week he received a registered letter with money from his mother. This time his grandmother took charge of it and in two days the passport was produced. Mot wanted to go back the same day, but at

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the request of the old lady, he remained one more day and left for Moscow.

During his stay in Vilno, his grandmother treated him most affectionately. Every morning she brought him a fresh baked large *kuchen*, sprinkled with onion and poppy seeds, a piece of hard cottage cheese, and other delicacies, purchased by the old lady on her way home from the morning prayers in the synagogue. One morning, on her usual return from her prayers, she asked Mot in the presence of the old man, his step-grandfather, if he had already said his prayers. Mot replied in Russian in the affirmative. The old man overheard it, turned around, looked at Mot with disgust, turned back and spat in the corner, in protest against Mot's use of the Russian language.

On his way home, Mot was considerably disturbed over the incident, but he had no ill feeling against the old gentleman. In fact, he was sorry to have upset the old man, but he consoled himself with the thought that he was unable to reply in Jewish and it was the best he could do. However, when he thought of the scene at the railroad station, where his grandmother had embraced and kissed him several times, with her beautiful smile, in saying good bye, Mot felt relieved.

Arriving home, he told his mother of the experience he had with his uncle and of the incident with the old gentleman. She laughed good naturedly and made nothing of it.

The following day he went over to see his friend, and they visited a big tea house — *tractir* — to celebrate his arrival home. The house was full of people; men and women were sitting at the tables, drinking vodka and tea, all jolly, some singing, others talking and laughing loudly. The huge music box filled the house with loud noise. Mot was relat-

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ing to his friend the incidents of his stay in Vilno, also his experiences with the uncle and grandfather. His friend enjoyed the story and they both felt good.

At a nearby table, a middle-aged man sat alone. For some time Mot noticed that the stranger kept looking at him; every time he looked in his direction, their eyes would meet. This gave Mot an uneasy feeling. Finally the man rose and came over to their table with a cigarette in his hand. He was of medium height, with a thick round beard and mustache and wore spectacles.

"May I have a light?" the man asked politely, holding out his cigarette.

"Sure," answered Mot's friend, offering him his cigarette.

"May I join you?" again queried the stranger, after lighting his cigarette.

"With pleasure," replied Mot's friend, drawing a chair to the table and pointing at it to the man.

The man sat down, drawing the chair nearer towards the table, cleared his throat, turned to Mot and said:

"Your name is Mot Segye, isn't it?"

"Yes sir," Mot answered curtly.

"You just came from Vilno?"

"Correct," came another short answer.

"How long have you stayed there?"

"About ten days."

"What were you doing there, if you please?"

At the last question Mot became impatient, since he did not like the man anyhow.

"May I ask who you are and why is it your business to ask me these questions?"

"Certainly, certainly"—the stranger came back quickly in a base voice—"I am an agent of the secret service police.

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You have no objections, I take it, if I ask you a few question?"

Mot and his friends looked at each other in astonishment, and suddenly they both broke out into loud laughter.

"This is not a laughing matter," said the stranger, sternly. "You do not wish to be arrested, I imagine."

"No, no," replied Mot quickly. "Pardon us. We were not laughing at you. It simply struck us funny, that is all. You may proceed with your questions."

"What were you doing in Vilno? That is, what was your mission in going there?"

"I went to Vilno on an errand for my mother — to procure a passport for her."

"Hm! Nothing else?" he asked, looking at Mot in a penetrating way.

"Nothing else."

"You came back to Moscow yesterday, is that right?"

"Yes sir," came Mot's reply.

"And did you see anybody yesterday?"

"I don't understand this question."

"Well, did you visit anyone, or did anyone visit you at the station, at home, or anywhere else, yesterday?"

"No."

"And today?"

"Only my friend here, that's all."

"By the way, do you know a certain young man by the name of Liberman?"

"I used to know him."

"How?"

"As a neighbor. He lived in the same building."

"And did you see him often?"

"No. Only occasionally."

"Did he speak to you?"

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"Yes."

"What did he speak to you about?"

"About school and my lessons."

"And nothing else?"

"Nothing else."

"Did he give you anything, that is, books or papers?"

"No, he never gave me anything."

"Never?"

"Never."

"Are you sure about this?"

"Yes sir, I'm sure."

"You were expelled from school once; is that right?"

"Yes sir, that is correct."

"Why?" — he asked sharply.

"I don't know."

"Hm" — he mused for a while, drumming with his fingers on the table — "I will have to ask you to accompany me to the police station. I suppose you will have no objection" — he added with a cunning smile.

"What for?" — Mot asked somewhat frightened.

"Oh, they will explain it to you there. You need not hurry, you may finish your tea."

Mot felt disturbed. His celebration, his pleasure were marred. The two boys exchanged glances — they were ready to go.

"Does my friend have to go, too?" inquired Mot.

"No, I don't need him," replied the man.

* * *

They left the tea house. On the street Mot said good-bye to his friend and asked him to go over to his mother and tell her where he had gone.

For the first time Mot found himself in a police sta-

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tion. On arrival there, the secret service man pointed to him, where he should sit and left him, disappearing behind a door. Mot sat there a long time. People in uniforms and in civilian clothes came in and out, each one throwing a suspicious glance at him. He looked around the big room, but saw nothing of interest, only a large colored portrait on the wall of the Tzar, Alexander the Third.

Mot began to feel nervous and uncomfortable. Why was he here? What was he waiting for? What are they going to do to him? The thought came into his mind to leave, to go home. No one was watching him anyhow. At this moment a hatless man in uniform entered and ordered Mot to follow him.

He entered another room, where he found four men sitting, the secret service man among them, all in civilian clothes. The man in the uniform left the room, closing the door behind him.

One man, who was sitting at the head of the desk, asked his name, address and occupation; then came a lot of questions similar to those the man in the tea house had asked. While he was questioned by the short stout man at the desk, the others watched Mot. Then the men got close together and talked quietly. Mot could not hear what they were saying. Suddenly the door opened and Mot's mother ran in. When she saw Mot, she began to cry:

"My boy, my boy! What happened? Why are you here? What have you done?"

The man at the desk asked her to be calm; he invited her to follow him into another room. The other men left, and in a short while, Mot's mother came in, somewhat nervous, and said to Mot: "Come." They both left the room. On the way home his mother was deeply absorbed and did not speak.

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His mother had worried. Indeed, she had something to worry about; the social and political situation in Russia was restless; there was something in the air. There was an underground movement against the Czarist regime; it was not a labor nor a peasant movement. It was a movement of the intellectuals for democracy, against the autocracy of the Romanofs, who ruled the country.

Thousands of young men and women, all over Russia, mostly students of higher education, consecrated their lives to the overthrow of the existing order in Russia — they constituted what Stepniak termed "the Underground Russia".

To be sure, this intellectual revolutionary element had no political program, no definite outline for a new administration. The revolutionary youth of the late seventies and eighties of the 19th century were concerned mostly with activities of terrorism. The assassination of high government officials followed in rapid succession. Attempts were numerous. The high officials picked were members of the holy Synod — the Czar's official cabinet.

They were singled out because of the defense and protection they gave to the Czar. The main object of the revolutionists — whom Turgenyev named *Nihilists* — was to get the Czar. *Doloy samodershavia!* (down with autocracy) *Da sdravstvuet svaboda!* (welcome liberty), these were the passionate outcries when an assassination took place, or at the trials of arrested conspirators. Although the trials were not public, these things leaked out, because there were liberal lawyers, prosecutors and other high government officials, who, secretly, also took part in the revolutionary movement.

The assassination of Alexander the Second, by a bomb of the revolutionists in 1882, threw Russian officialdom into consternation. The *ochranka* (political secret service) be-

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came active; everybody was under suspicion; arrests were made in the thousands everywhere. Every young man and woman, even boys and girls of grammar school age, were suspected of terroristic activity and frequently arrested.

So Mot's mother was very much concerned.

She knew of the restlessness, of the many arrests, but she was not aware of the cause. Now her boy was arrested, several times. That frightened her. She knew her boy was innocent of any offense, owing to his tender age of fifteen. He took no part in any activity of a suspicious character, yet she questioned him many times and satisfied herself further as to his innocence. Something must be done to avoid any further arrests, which might prove disastrous. She could see no other course for her boy than to leave Russia.

* * *

Six months elapsed since Mot's first arrest. On several occasions during that time he met that secret service man on the street, and every time he met him Mot was frightened. Twice he took him to the police station, where his name, address, occupation, and a few additional questions were asked, and then he was released. He reported these questionings to his mother every time. She sighed and cried, became alarmed and worried. She could not bear the thought of her boy being arrested so often and then, again, she did not know what consequences such arrests might result in. Besides, Mot was approaching his sixteenth birthday, at which time he must register to procure a passport, and then, at twenty-one, he would be drafted into the army. All this worried her, and finally, one day, she suggested to Mot that he leave Moscow and go to London. Later she would send him money to go to America.

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This was quite a surprise for Mot — the very thought of leaving Moscow was disagreeable to him; he could not reconcile himself to the idea of going to a strange country, with a strange language, without friends or acquaintances, but after his mother analyzed things for him and explained the situation, adding encouraging promises that in time she might join him in London, Mot finally agreed to leave Moscow.

This decision took place in the middle of summer, the time for his departure, however, was set for the coming fall. In the meantime, Mot decided to keep out of sight of the man who haunted and spied on him. He stayed home a great deal; occasionally he visited the Zvetnoy Bulvar theater, to see a vaudeville performance or pantomime, or went to "Sakolniki" — a summer resort on the outskirts of Moscow.

CHAPTER V

LOST IN A STRANGE COUNTRY

Early in October, 1889, Mot left Moscow. Before leaving, his mother's friend, Olga Nicolaevna, gave Mot some money for her parents in Kovno, where he would stop on his way. Part of the money was to be used for her passport, the rest for her parents. He stopped in Vilno only two days, and on arrival in Kovno he visited Olga's parents and was very cordially received. They told him that Olga's divorced husband was in London. These good people did all they could to make Mot's stay pleasant; they also arranged several things for him, including the man — the smuggler — who was to "steal" Mot across the border — from Russia into Prussia.

He arrived in Vershbolova — a small town on the Russian border; there a man was to cross the border with Mot early in the morning and the baggage was to be transferred by train to Prussia. At dawn, the next morning, a big heavy Russian peasant came for Mot. They took their shoes off and walked a short distance and when they came to a shallow stream, they waded in.

— "*Hoy, Stoy, Kuda?*" (Stop, where are you going?) someone suddenly shouted from somewhere. The "smuggler" did not stop but instead, he quickly grabbed Mot, set him on his back and ran. Mot heard a few shots, then in a few minutes he was across the boundary in Yatkun, Prussia. They put their shoes on, walked through the woods, and finally came to an inn, where they entered. Almost following, a gendarme entered also. He asked the "smuggler"

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who Mot was and what he was doing there and whether he had a passport. The husky man called the officer to one side, said a few words to him, handed him something, and the gendarme left. The "smuggler" smiled goodnaturedly, took a couple of drinks of liquor, paid for it, shook hands with Mot and departed.

Mot stayed at the inn overnight and the next day went by train to Hamburg, where he found his baggage. There he boarded a staemer for England. He arrived in London by train from Hull with other emigrants. At the station, a big bus was waiting. A number of the emigrants were met by their friends and relatives, who took them away with them; the rest entered the bus and were driven away. While riding in the bus, Mot tried to observe London. He did not like it at the first appearance. The streets in Moscow were much wider, with trees, and the houses were much nicer than in London. It was foggy, everything looked so gloomy and not at all encouraging to Mot.

Indeed, Moscow was a far more beautiful city than London to Mot. The streets of Moscow were wide and clean, with broad sidewalks, which were swept daily by the adjacent house owners, each in accordance with their property line. There was hardly a house in Moscow that showed the bare bricks, they were nearly all plastered on the outside and decorated in various colors. There were no wooden houses. Nearly all the houses had balconies. At no time was a truck or wagon allowed to stop at the front entrance, all deliveries of goods or moving had to be done through the rear.

All principal streets in Moscow were well lit at night. Large stores with beautiful displays in the windows attracted pedestrians. On "Petrovskaya" was the Grand Passage (arcade), where attractive aristocratic stores were

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located and lit up with electric arks. Mot had good reason to be disappointed with the surroundings he found in the East End of London on his arrival.

The bus stopped at the entrance to a building, over which there was a sign, "The Hebrew Shelter". The attendant in the bus read it for him and explained what it meant. Inside the entrance the emigrants were met by a tall man, in eyeglasses, with a short blond beard and a satin skull-cap on his head. He counted every one as they passed him. It was morning. The new arrivals, together with the others, had to say the morning prayers, and then breakfast was served. After breakfast, each new arrival was called to the office of the superintendent for registration. Each in turn was asked his name, where he came from, his trade, whether he had any relatives or friends in London, or elsewhere in England, and how much money he had. Every answer Mot gave was in the negative — he had no trade, no friends or relatives, and was penniless.

Mot had an added handicap: his inability to speak Jewish. Although he understood the questions put to him in Jewish, he could answer only in Russian. It was quite amusing to the superintendent to hear a language which he had not heard or conversed in for many years, so he entered into a conversation with Mot and was favorably impressed with the boy.

Soon after the registration, all new arrivals were marched off to a Russian vapour bath and on return to the Shelter, dinner was served. Then followed the afternoon prayer (*Mincho*) and later at dusk, the evening prayer; then supper, and at nine in the evening, everybody was ordered to bed. Although it was some time since he had had a good night's sleep and needed the rest badly, Mot was too excited to sleep.

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The next morning, after the usual routine of morning prayer and breakfast, the door of the shelter opened wide and every immigrant was told to go and look for work.

The door of the shelter closed behind Mot, and for the first time he found himself alone in the world — alone in the biggest city in the world — without a friend, without money, without a trade and without a language. For a while he stood hesitating as to which way to turn, although it made no difference to him. Two men passed him and he decided to follow them.

Soon he came to the end of the street, which led into Oldgate. He suddenly saw crowds of pedestrians passing him by. Mot stood at the corner watching the street cars coming and going, omnibuses, hackneys and teams. On his right he noticed a building on the corner shaped like a flat-iron. In the big window of the store, there stood men and boys. Looking in he saw that they were wax figures which seemed alive to him from a distance. On the side of the building there was a sign: "Whitechapel". With the exception of the first and last letters the rest looked familiar to him, as they were similar to characters in the Russian alphabet. He read the sign "nitesnare" and memorized it as such.

He turned back to the corner, crossed the street and walked down Oldgate aimlessly turning into a busy street to the right. He tried to read the name on the sign, but could make out nothing. He gave up and continued along the whole length of the street to its end. The intersecting street looked gloomy to him, so he turned back. He walked several hours on different streets, the names of which he was unable to read, and began to feel tired. He sat down on the stone steps of some house. A dog began to bark inside the house, so he decided to move on. Somewhere a clock

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struck two; he began to feel the pangs of hunger. As he had no money, he decided to turn home — to the Shelter.

Mot did not recognize any of the streets, and soon began to realize that he was lost. He stopped and looked around in different direction, hoping to see something familiar, and was relieved to see a big store window, with dressed figures, in the distance. That, he felt, must be the store he had seen in the morning, under the sign "White-chapel", which he read as "nitesnare". He quickly walked over to the store, but to his disappointment, it was not the one he recalled.

He was tired and hungry. Dusk fell, lights began to appear in the store windows. It became dark, the street lamps lit up and Mot was still standing on the sidewalk near the store, aimlessly looking in all directions. How would he ever get back to the Shelter? This thought mostly occupied his mind. Then the thought of his mother came to him, of Moscow. He began to swallow lumps in his throat, became so depressed that tears came to his eyes. He could control them no longer and began to cry.

A woman stopped before him, said something to him, which he could not understand. Another woman stopped and talked to the first woman. Two men stopped. One of them talked to Mot, but he could not answer. Slowly a crowd gathered around him and then a tall husky policeman strode over with a helmet held by a narrow strap under his chin. He pushed his way through the crowd, came over to Mot and said something to him. "Nitesnare," Mot answered between sobs. That was the Russian pronunciation of "Whitechapel," as Mot had memorized it. The policeman shook his head and walked away. By that time a large crowd had gathered around Mot, men and women, talking loudly to each other and repeatedly point-

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ing at him. A short gray headed man pushed through the crowd and turning to Mot said:

— "Shprechen sie deutsch?"

— "Da" — replied Mot in Russian for "yes". The man asked him other questions. Mot replied in Russian, which the old man did not understand. The German was about to leave, but he suddenly turned and asked Mot another question in which Mot heard the word "shelter". Mot was delighted and nodded his head, repeating the word "shelter" several times. The old man took Mot by the arm and they walked off. Within ten minutes, Mot recognized at distance the flat-iron shaped building on the corner of Whitechapel and Commercial road, with the wax figures in the window. He felt as if they welcomed him and he sensed that he was not far from his new home.

They came to the door of the Shelter. Mot's companion knocked, and a man appeared in his shirtsleeves in the entrance. Mot and the German entered, the old man said something to the man, who went away and soon the superintendent came.

A conversation started between the two. Mot was unable to understand them. The old German was excited and angrily left the Shelter. While Mot was eating his supper all alone, the attendant told him someone wanted to see him. It was the old German who came back to ask if he had any money and left Mot a two-shilling piece (fifty cents) and departed.

CHAPTER VI

MOT'S FIRST JOB

The next morning, before the inmates of the Shelter were told to go out and look for work, everyone received a printed card with the address of the Shelter. One morning, just before it was time to leave, a man came to look for an apprentice in the business of making ladies' slippers. Mot gladly accepted the offer in preference to walking the streets in search of work, and was engaged.

Mot left the Shelter with the stranger, his future boss employer, in a happy mood.

The man tried to engage Mot in a conversation, but he could not converse with the stranger, since the man did not understand Russian. At times Mot answered the man's questions with "da" for yes, or "nyet" for no.

They walked quite a distance, through some narrow, dingy streets, which were of no interest to Mot, only depressing, not being used to see such streets in Moscow.

Finally they came to their destination.

A long narrow street with brick houses on each side with a marked similarity. They stopped at one of the houses, walked up three flights of stairs, entering a dirty, gloomy room, which looked like a large kitchen.

In those days in London, there were "sweat shops" only; the work was taken out of some factory, all cut and the completion was performed in the private house of some sub-contractor — in his kitchen or bedroom — working from six o'clock in the morning till ten or eleven at night.

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The average pay to a working man was from 15 to 18 shilling a week.

These working hours and conditions existed in nearly all trades.

The shop was on the third floor of a dwelling house, where several men were seated in low chairs, sewing shoes by hand. Supplied with an apron and chair, Mot was shown how to turn the shoe inside out and stretch it on a wooden last.

At noon, the men laid down their work and opened parcels containing a scanty meal. Mot asked the "boss", where he could buy something to eat, and was directed a little way from the house. When he reached the street, he looked around for some distinguishing mark by which to recognize the house on his return. He noticed that on the outside, all the houses were the same, but this one in particular near the corner had four chimneys and the wall was covered with colored posters. At the store he bought a half of a French loaf of bread and a herring, with the expectation of a free cup of coffee, as the boss had promised. On his return, the house, somehow, did not look the same to him. To be sure, there were four chimneys on the roof, but there were no colored posters on the side of the house. He went to another street, then to another. There were four chimneys on most of the houses, but he could not find the one he sought. He ate the bread and herring on the steps of a house and then, with the aid of the printed card, was directed back to the Shelter.

One morning of the following week, while having his breakfast, Mot was called by the attendant. Someone wanted to see him. He knew no one in London and could not imagine who it could be. Entering the reception room to see his caller, he found a tall red-headed man with big

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mustache. The man called him by his name and they shook hands.

— “But who are you? How do you know my name?” Mot asked the stranger.

The man promised to explain everything and invited Mot to take a walk. At a coffee shop the stranger explained that he was the divorced husband of Olga Nicolayevna and that he received a letter from Kovno in which his people told him about Mot. He had surmised that Mot would be at the Shelter.

He took Mot up to his home in Brick Lane, on the top floor of a three-story old brick house. The apartment consisted of two rooms. In one were a lot of ladies' shoes, some unfinished, on the floor and others hung on a rack, tied through the backs with strings, finished. Wooden lasts were scattered all over the floor. One man was sitting on a low chair, near the window, working at the shoes. The other room was partly a living room and partly a kitchen; the fireplace in the middle of the wall, served both for heating and cooking.

Mot's red-headed benefactor undertook to teach Mot the trade of boot and shoe finishing, pay him two shillings a week and supply him with board and lodging. Mot accepted this as readily as he had accepted his first job. A corner in the work-room was assigned to Mot, with a small bench and a low chair. Ten o'clock at night, the thin grimy workman went home. Mot was wondering where he was going to sleep, when the boss rolled out an iron armchair which suddenly collapsed and formed into a bed. Mot slumbered that night peacefully.

He learned the trade quickly, and made such progress that the boss raised his pay to five shillings a week. Mot gave his boss the address of his former wife in Moscow and

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a lively correspondence ensued between them.

One day during the noon hour, the man who worked with Mot gave him a tin beer can and a penny (two cents) and asked him to buy some milk, telling him how to ask for it in English. Mot went to the milk shop, laid the coin on the counter, handed the can to the girl behind the counter, saying the words as he had been instructed. The girl threw an angry glance at him and said something which Mot did not understand. He repeated his request. Suddenly the girl grabbed a bowl of milk and threw the contents in Mot's face. Frightened, he ran out of the store, rushed across the street and up the stairs as fast as he could. At the sight of Mot, drenched with milk, the man fell into a convulsion of laughter. Mot did not know what it was all about. After questioning Mot about his errand, the boss explained, that the words Mot had been told to say to the girl were obscene and insulting. He discharged the man immediately and Mot was promoted to his place.

A tall, pale undernourished-looking woman and two red-headed little boys frequently came to the house. Mot was told by the boss that she was a widow with two children who lived downstairs and whom he supported in return for housework.

One morning, three months later, Mot was alone when the tall pale woman, the housekeeper, came in, sat beside Mot and began to weep. Puzzled Mot stared at her. After a few minutes, the woman dried her tears with her apron and turning to Mot, said angrily:

"Why did you come here? Why do you want to ruin my life?"

Mot was astonished and continued to stare at her in bewilderment. He was not aware of what was happening.

"We are married" — she continued — "close to ten

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years. During all that time he never treated me any too kindly. I was always just his servant. But for the children, for their sake, I endured everything. I wanted them to be near their father. I have never had a happy day during my whole married life, but for the last two months or so, he has become much worse. Only last week he told me that he intends to divorce me, and if I don't consent to it, he would leave me. For nights I have not slept, lying awake, thinking. I began to search for a reason for this sudden decision, and I found letters from some woman signed "Olga", from Moscow. Your name was mentioned in some of those letters. Now I understand that he is planning to bring that woman to London and I know that you, you are the cause of it all!" The last words were accompanied by loud sobs.

Mot felt very uncomfortable. He understood the whole situation and the benevolence of his red-headed benefactor. He felt guilty. He really was the innocent cause of all this trouble. Mot explained to the woman that he was not aware that she was his wife, that he was told she was a widow housekeeper. He promised to see that Olga did not come to London.

Mot lost no time and wrote to his mother, enclosing a letter to Olga Nicolayevna, explaining the whole situation. Several weeks passed during which his boss received no letters from his former wife. Finally she wrote advising him not to write her any more, that she knew he was married and had children and that she was not going to be the cause of a ruined family life.

Upon questioning, Mot admitted writing home and related the scene of that morning, when his wife wept before him. The boss became very angry and chased him out of his house.

CHAPTER VII

THE "HOG" FAIR

Again Mot found himself alone in the big city of London. He went back to the Shelter, but was not admitted. The rule was that, if an immigrant stayed away a month or over, he was not considered an immigrant any longer and lost the privilege of the Shelter's hospitality. There was nothing left for him to do but to find a permanent lodging.

Mot felt somewhat more encouraged, having learned the trade of boot finishing in the workshop of his red-headed benefactor. But it was hard to find a job, since there were very few factories in London at that time, where the boot-finishing was done. All the work like stitching, lasting and finishing was given out from the factories to small contractors or "masters" as they were called. This was true especially in the East End of London, but Mot knew none of the "masters" and their whereabouts. He heard, however, of a *chaser-mark* (hog fair), where every Saturday morning the gathering of the boot-finishers took place. This was at Whitechapel, near Black Lion yard — a narrow alley that led into Hanbury Street.

They gathered there for general information regarding the trade and for the finding of a job or help. The gathering consisted of first, second and third class workers. At the head of the gathering was always present "Proud Max". If any one of the third-class workmen wished him "good morning", Max would merely nod his head. If a second-class man greeted him, he extended two fingers. But when one of the first-class workmen greeted him, he was accorded

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a hearty handshake. Max was a first-class boot finisher.

As yet Mot never had occasion to visit the "hog fair". He knew none of the workmen of his trade. Besides, on Saturdays, he had spent most of his time studying Jewish and English. Unemployed now, he decided to go over to the "hog fair". A large crowd of total strangers he met there. One man, however, named Samuel Silverberg, took an interest in him. Mot told him where he had worked before and why he had lost his job. Samuel promised to take him into the shop where he worked, and he did so the next morning. He also offered to share his bed with Mot. This reduced Samuel's rent from two shillings to eighteen pence — a shilling and a half — a week. The housekeeper gained a shilling a week in rent, receiving three shillings from two persons, instead of two shillings from one. It was a bargain all around, and everybody was happy. The housekeeper, Malke, lived with her son and two nieces. Her husband had deserted her many years ago. She was a tall, stately, good-looking, good-hearted woman.

Samuel was about 30, the only son of a family of Jewish farmers in a village near Warsaw, Poland. His part in the farming was that of a sheep herder. He was strong and handsome, and at twenty, a gentile Polish girl, daughter of a neighboring farmer, fell in love with him. They met on the pasture, while looking after their herds, and talked of their future happiness. Her family learned of these meetings and threatened to kill him and his people and destroy their farm, unless he accepted the Christian faith, or leave the country. He tried to avoid meeting the girl, but she insisted on coming to see him in secret, at his house. This made matters worse and angered her people more. To save his people and the farm, he decided to accept the Christian faith. This he did. Having satisfied the girl's

The "Hog" Fair

family, he now aroused the anger of his own. After a quarrel, they disowned him.

At that time Samuel suggested to the girl that they elope to Warsaw and get married, but she insisted that they must be married in the village church. He refused, and one night left the village and walked to Warsaw, a distance of nearly fifteen miles. There he procured work in a shoe shop. He remained there over two years, without communicating with the girl or his parents. By a coincidence he met a man from his native village and through him he sent word of his whereabouts to his parents and his girl.

Within a week, she suddenly surprised him in Warsaw. They were happy to meet again and vowed never to part. She regretted that she had caused the break with his family, and to remedy matters, suggested they be married by a Rabbi. Their people were informed of their marriage and sent them their blessings. Within a year, Samuel's young wife died in childbirth, and Samuel left for London. This episode Samuel told Mot one night in bed.

Mot was very comfortable in his new home. The landlady's nieces spoke Russian well and the landlady's son was a good fellow. They lived on Goulston Street, near Petticoat Lane, a square in which was held the largest weekly Sunday fair in Great Britain. Food, clothing, musical instruments, furniture articles, dogs, jewelry, dry goods, all sorts of bric-a-brac were displayed on barrows or pushcarts, which were brought there Saturday night in order to insure a place. The "merchants" slept on the barrows through the night, so as to be able to display their goods early Sunday morning. Thousands of people came there from all parts of London and nearby, to procure bargains. During the week the place was practically deserted, except for fat Betsy, a doughnut seller, who cursed without mercy those who did not buy her doughnuts.

CHAPTER VIII

PLEASANT SURPRISE

It was almost two years now since Mot arrived in London, and he was almost eighteen years old. He was working steadily at his trade, earning ten and twelve shillings a week, enough for him to get by on and save a shilling or two weekly. He could now speak Jewish and read and write English.

One evening, Samuel asked Mot if he was born in Vilno and came to London from Moscow. When Mot said "yes", Samuel took out a newspaper clipping from his pocket, an advertisement in which Charlie, Mot's brother, promised a reward to any one who would locate Mot and send Charlie his address.

Mot was astonished, as he had not heard from his brother for several years. He wrote to him the same evening, and within three weeks received a reply of twenty pages. Thus began a steady correspondence which continued for several months. Charley urged him to come to America. Mot was willing, but he had no money for a steamship ticket and Charlie could not furnish it, either.

Samuel was reluctant to part with Mot, but he advised him to try the "Board of Guardians". This was a charitable institution in London, organized and maintained by the wealthy Jewry, for the support of the Jewish poor and immigrants. No one was refused aid by the Board, if Mr. Wolf, after a thorough investigation, found the cause worthy. Mot applied to the Board of Guardians for transportation to America. Two weeks later he received a notice, to

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appear before them for a hearing. The hearing consisted of numerous questions "fired" at the applicant by three men of the committee, presumably in an effort to find contradictions in the answers.

Mot was successful. His application was approved and he was to leave London in a month. Charley, on hearing the good news, wrote a verse in reply, to express joy at Mot's coming to America. It ran as follows:

*Du hast in meinem hertzen einem garten gepflanzt,
ve s'vakst ein Paradis mit Blumen;
Dort zizt Venus in lilien bekrantz,
und vart auf dein glucklichen kummen.*

In English prose it would read:

"You've planted a garden in my heart, where a paradise of flowers is growing and there Venus is sitting, crowned with lilies, awaiting your happy coming."

Mot was happy to be going to America, the land of promise and opportunity, of which he heard so much. He was glad that he would be near his brother, two years his senior, whom he loved more than any one. He had always loved and pitied his brother Charlie, because Charlie was the "black sheep" in the family ever since childhood. His was a hard lot. As a boy, when he went to *cheider* (Hebrew school), what ever mischief was done by any of the boys, Charley was punished. At the table, at home, during the meal hour, he was always served last and got the leavings. Mot always remembered the brutal beating his brother received from father for refusing to eat a certain food. One day, Charley found a vallet containing money. He brought it home to mother, and when he asked for a

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few kopeks as a reward, mother slapped his face several times.

At thirteen, he was apprenticed to an engraver, but not once was he permitted to come to the bench. His duties consisted in chopping wood, carrying out the garbage, and minding the baby, for whose crying he was beaten. When he left the job and came home, Mother chased him out. Mot would steal food from the house and bring it out to him, and at night he would quietly let him in to sleep. Once he was put to work in a tannery, far from town. Life was none too pleasant there, with insufficient food and a bed in the barn. He came home and again was not admitted. Mot helped him again. With the aid of father, who was then in America, he finally managed somehow to go there, too. Thus the sufferings of Charley developed a soft spot in Mot's heart for him.

During the month, Mot gradually prepared himself for the journey and at the end of the month, he was all set. He went to the Board of Guardians to get his instructions, but was informed that the boat would not leave for two weeks. Mot was disappointed. He had given up his job and would have to be idle for two weeks. There was the matter of two weeks' board and room to pay for, without earnings, so he decided not to lose any time. He bought twenty pounds of hard white candy, which was then the rage of London, hired a "barrow" (push-cart), decorated it with white paper, broke part of the candy into small pieces, and packed it in small bags to be sold at a penny a bag.

Although the morning of his first day's venture in business looked fair, it nevertheless rained hard during the day, and a considerable part of his stock was ruined before he had a chance to get under cover. However, he sold his candy during the two weeks at a considerable profit. Some

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bags that were left over he distributed among the children on the street.

On a Wednesday morning, he went to Euston station, to take the train to Southampton. From there he was to sail for America. He sat at the window in the train, with a small trunk beside him, watching London slowly disappear. He was happy. He was on the way to the land where "Venus was waiting for his happy coming". On his arrival at Southampton, Mot was met by an agent from the Board of Guardians, who was checking up the emigrants. With thirty others, Mot was marched to the boat. Here, each one received his ticket, with instructions to be *obedient* and *contented*.

As Mot descended the steps to the steerage, with his trunk on his shoulder, he was hit by a nauseating odor. The boat, ordinarily used for the transportation of horses and cattle, it was found good enough on this trip to transport poor emigrants.

Mot laid ill for three days in his bunk, without food or attention, fighting nausea. On the fourth day he managed to crawl from his bunk to the deck, where the fresh air relieved his sick headache. Thus he spent the rest of his twelve-day journey, mostly on the deck, going below twice a day when an attendant came with two pails of potatoes and pieces of meat which he distributed to the emigrants with his bare hands. Mot crawled into his bunk late at night and got out early in the morning, thus avoiding his pestilent "grave" as much as possible. Tea, milk, or coffee were not served. One could ask for it at the commissary, where the cook would pour into a tin cup some brownish liquid, supposed to have been coffee, unsweetened. It tasted so bad, that no one applied a second time. Hence water was the only liquid consumed on the journey.

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Women and children were sick almost throughout the trip, yet no medical aid or sanitary attention was given them. The small band of emigrants in the "horse stall", as the steerage was called, were treated like prisoners of war under a cruel commandant. Mot surmised later, why the agent instructed them to be "obedient and contented". He must have known what was coming.

On the sixteenth day the boat arrived in New York and docked at Hoboken, New Jersey. The immigrants were quarantined for a week, and without being questioned were put on a small boat, which went down the harbor to a larger steamer, for deportation back to England. Mot recognized the boat. It was the same on which he had come. None of the emigrants understood why they were back on the same boat, and when they were informed by a sailor that they were to be deported, feeling ran high. They organized a group, to make a joint protest against deportation, but it was all in vain, as they received no hearing.

After Mot's return to London, there was an item in a newspaper about the deportation. The passenger agent of the emigrants sailing to America, procured a cattle ship instead of a regular passenger steamer, thereby reducing fare expenses for the Board of Guardians.

A large number of passengers on that cattle boat had sickened with a contagious disease as a result of filth on board. Therefore, the Board of Health did not permit the emigrants to enter the United States, and Mot and his companions in misery were deported.

No one, however took the trouble to inform the passengers about it.

Mot decided that come what may, he would under no circumstances go back to the pestilent steerage. He tried to see the captain, but was refused admittance. With a five

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shilling bribe, a sailor suggested a better place to sleep, and with the grant of the special privilege of peeling potatoes and doing other odd chores, he arranged for better food.

The better accommodations and the work in the kitchen, made the homeward journey shorter. Mot arrived at Southampton in good spirit. When prepared to leave the boat, however, he discovered that his little trunk was empty. His new suit and all his belongings had been stolen. Knowing that there was no time and no use to make any investigation, he left the boat to board a train for London. As the train reached the outskirts of London, he stuck his head out to get a glimpse of London. A gust of wind blew his hat off and when the train arrived in the station, Mot was back in London poorer than when he had left. He had no baggage, not even a hat.

The bus brought him to Oldgate and from there he walked home; but he did not walk, he ran. He could not get to his former home fast enough. When he came to the house, he ran up the stairs and opened the door. It was late in the afternoon. Dusk was falling. Malke, his landlady, known as the Mrs., was kneeling before the fireplace preparing the evening meal. She turned suddenly, saw him, and then shrieked: "Tevye!" (Mot).

Mot stood near the door, smiling.

"Tevye, is it really you?" she repeated, coming nearer to him. How did you get here? What happened? Why are you bare-headed? Where is your baggage? Where were you?"

Mot remained standing in the same place, still smiling, but there was a lump in his throat. She came over and embraced him. Mot began to sob.

"My dear, dear boy! What happened to you? Tell me, where were you? What happened?" she kept repeating.

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"I was in America. They sent me back," he replied in tears.

"You?"

"Yes, they sent everybody back."

"Why?"

"I don't know, nobody knows."

"I'm so glad they sent you back, I'm so glad."

She said those words in an undertone. Although Mot did not like it, it hurt him. Yet it made him feel good.

In the evening, everyone was astonished to find Mot in the house. At the supper table, everyone asked questions about his journey and his return. Only Sonya, the older niece, was silent. She watched Mot with a strange expression. Later in the evening, the two were left alone. She came over, and placing both her hands on his shoulders, she said to him softly: "I'm so glad they sent you back."

Mot looked at her in astonishment. Suddenly her head dropped on his shoulder and she began to sob. Mot was bewildered.

"Why are you crying?" he asked in a trembling voice.

"I was so lonesome, so lonesome, without you, this long, long month." She said the words slowly, between sobs. Her hair, tickled his neck and sent a quiver through his body. Tenderly he lifted her head from his shoulder, releasing himself without a word.

Sonya was a pretty girl of eighteen, with a clear skin, dark eyes, and a mass of soft brown hair.

Mot had always been indifferent to her. Now he was a little afraid of her and felt embarrassed whenever their eyes met.

Another evening, when they were alone, Mot said something to her, and she retorted:

"Go away, don't talk to me, I hate you, I hate you!"

They seldom spoke to each other after this.

CHAPTER IX

THE THEATER PARTY

The shoe trade in which Mot was engaged was in a deplorable condition. The workers received very little for their piece work; hours were generally from six or seven in the morning until ten or eleven at night. Often, before a holiday, they worked all night — a stretch of twenty-four hours — in a dingy, unsanitary back room. The workers were poorly organized. There was one union of Gentile workers in Hackney and another in the East End composed of Jews. The activity of both unions consisted mostly in getting together in their respective locals on Saturday evening to drink beer.

Mot did not belong to either. He visited the union in the East End and found it disinteresting, their activity did not appeal to him.

Although he was of a jovial character, yet, unlike other boys of his age, he was somewhat different. He did not go out with girls or boys, play cards or gamble. His greatest interest consisted in learning the languages of Jewish and English as quickly and as thoroughly as possible, so he spent his evenings at home in study.

However, the deplorable working conditions in his trade worried him considerably, so he decided to write an appeal to his fellow workers to organize and demand better improved conditions and higher wages. With his meager knowledge of both language and writing, he managed to put it on paper and took it over to the *Workers' Friend*, the publishing place being at that time on Romford Street, over

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a barn; he climbed on a ladder and came in to the "office" through a trap door. The editor, a handsome young man with blond curly hair and gold spectacles, Comrade W, Wess — to him then unknown — received him cordially, with a friendly smile, and after glancing through the manuscript, the editor praised it and asked Mot to write often and bring it to him, and that he will be very glad to print in the *Workers' Friend* the success of his first attempt as a "writer". He could never forget the kindness and encouragement of the editor. He always loved and admired William Wess.

Mot's first article, "An Appeal to the Shoe Workers of London", appeared in the radical weekly, *Workers Friend*. He described the deplorable conditions of the trade. This article hit the spot, as the workers began to organize. After several mass-meetings lively discussions took place on the subject of working conditions. One year later there was a successful general strike of all the boot and shoe workers in London.

The workers had succeeded in abolishing the sweatshop. Work in the factories was now at regular hours — from eight to eight — with a scale of prices for piece work. Nevertheless, there was still the problem of sub-contracting. Because the great majority of finishers were unable to do the trimming, the "masters" had to take their workers with them into the factory. Thus sub-contracting continued for some time, until the manufacturers hired special trimmers. Later, the men learned to do their own trimming. So did Mot, and he became a full-fledged finisher.

After the strike, he went to work at a shoe factory on Commercial Street, owned by a Dutchman. Mot became friendly with the worker at the bench next to him, whose name was Sherman. He was a married man with a family.

The Theater Party

He also had his unmarried sister living with him. Apparently he hoped to make a match between Mot and his sister. One Friday evening he invited Mot to his house for supper.

That same week, Mot had bought a new suit, a derby hat, shoes and a cane, for all which he spent over twenty shillings. Having paid for his room and board, he was left with a few pennies at the end of the week. At Sherman's that Friday evening, he was introduced to the sister — Gitl. After supper, Mot desiring to be gallant and show his appreciation of the hospitality he was shown, invited the girl to the Pavilion — a theater in the East End of London. He was quite certain, that as they had just met for the first time, she would refuse, but to Mot's astonishment and perplexity, the girl lost no time in calling his bluff, and accepted the invitation. Mot was at a loss to know where he could get the money for tickets, as he had only a few pennies in his pocket. He could not very well ask his friend to lend him the cash. On the other hand, he saw no way out, and before he had time to think over his dilemma, Gitl was all dressed ready to go. Mot had to stick it out, with the hope that on his way he could find some excuse to break up the theater party.

Walking beside the girl, he was thinking hard of how to extricate himself from his predicament. When they reached the Pavilion, he walked over to the ticket office alone, stood there a minute and then came back to the girl, telling her that he had "discovered" he had no money with him, having left it in his old clothes. If she would wait, he would go home and get the money. The girl, obviously wanted to make sure she was going to the show that evening, so she did not let him go. She reached quickly into her pocketbook, took out two shillings and handed it to Mot. Within a few minutes they were sitting side by side watch-

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ing *Dick Wittington and His Cat*. Mot felt very bad during the show; he was ashamed of putting it over on the girl.

In the factory, he told the whole story to her brother. His friend was greatly amused and laughed heartily. Making nothing of it, but Mot paid him back the two shillings and never called there again.

Part Two

CHAPTER X

MOT BECOMES AN ATHEIST

Mot was then nineteen years old. He was not interested in girls or marriage. He was anxious to perfect his English, and spent his evenings at home, studying. But on Saturday nights, he religiously attended union meetings paid his dues and listened to the discussions of different matters pertaining his trade. At one of those meetings he met a young man named Rubinstein, a short, stocky fellow. He took an active part in the union, was a radical and a free-thinker.

His acquaintance with Rubinstein grew closer each time they met. His deep concern with the hard destiny of the workers, with the constant struggle of their daily existence, his earnest and enthusiastic participation in the discussions at the meetings for the betterment of economic conditions, all this greatly appealed to Mot.

To become a radical in those days, one had invariably first to abandon religious belief, to deny the existence of God. Then, as a matter of course, one became convinced of the uselessness of religious ceremonies, and then followed the abandonment of church or synagogue attendance. This was considered necessary in order to leave the mind free to consider life from a materialistic, rather than from a theological point of view; to place Nature before God, Darwin before Moses or Christ; to consider Thomas Paine and Robert Ingersoll of greater importance than the rabbi or the archbishop. Becoming a freethinker was the stepping stone to a "future" ideal — an ideal relative to the change

of the economic system, the change of society, and to later adopting a new religion — the "Social Revolution".

Mot was not religious to the extent of attending services in the synagogue, yet he did not fail to be there twice a year, New Year and Yom Kippur — the Day of Atone-ment. These services were sacred to Mot and he observed them strictly.

Rubinstein always walked home with Mot from union meetings and talked free thought to him. Mot listened, but had nothing to say, either pro or con.

One Saturday evening Rubinstein appeared at the union, as usual smiling and carrying a load of colored circulars, announcing the annual Yom Kippur Ball, which this time was to be preceded by a big mass meeting. The principal speaker was to be the well known freethinker, Feigenbaum.

Benjamin Feigenbaum was an intellectual of great learning in Talmud. He came to London from Belgium. His parents were wealthy and religious. He studied to be a Rabbi and had all qualifications for it, but he turned against theology and became an ardent atheist, a Socialist and revolutionist. He wrote a number of pamphlets on atheism and Socialism and he was an enthusiastic fine orator. His "new religion" consisting in helping his fellow man and women to better their conditions in life, to encourage them in their struggle. He filled their hearts and minds with hopes for better social conditions yet to come.

Mot had heard of him as the leader of the big strike that won for him new privileges. He had heard him speak several times, but never knew he was a freethinker and a socialist. On their way home, Rubinstein persuaded Mot to come to the mass meeting and also to the ball, instead of going to the synagogue. This was to take place two weeks

later. During the two weeks, Rubinstein was a frequent visitor to Mot's house and on that memorable evening for Mot, they both went to the mass meeting.

The large Christ Church Hall on Hanbury Street was nearly filled to capacity when they arrived, and still more men and women kept coming. Finally the meeting was opened by the chairman. After him came two speakers on: "The Absurdity of Religion". Then Feigenbaum was introduced as the principal speaker of the evening, on the subject: "Is There a God?"

He was of medium height with broad shoulders and gesticulated as he spoke. He started out by saying that every religion was an absurdity and that the notion of a God was impossible. He explained in detail that in the name of religion, charlatans took advantage of the weakness of men and women. He became more eloquent as he spoke. "What is God?" he exclaimed. "It is an abstract word, coined to designate the hidden forces of nature, while the belief in God is but a mechanical habit of childhood, a prejudice handed down from father to children."

He spoke for nearly an hour, extemporaneously, freely quoting from scripture, science and history. Mot listened intensely, obsessed with a feeling of enthusiasm and fear. Suddenly the speaker stopped. He took out his watch from his pocket, placed it on the small table in front of him, paused for a moment and with a dramatic gesture shouted: "If there is a God and if he is almighty as the clergy claims he is, I give him just two minutes time to kill me on the spot, so that he may prove his existence." The challenge created a tense silence in the hall. Mot felt a shiver running through his body, fearing that something might happen to the speaker. The two minutes finally elapsed. The speaker in his dramatic pose exclaimed: "See, there is no God"! A

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thunder of applause echoed the hall. In the meantime the music struck up the Marseillaise, the national hymn of the French Republic, at that time the revolutionary hymn throughout Europe. Then the Yom Kippur Ball was announced and the meeting was over. Mot had been converted to free thought.

Besides the Union labor movement, which was semi-radical, there was also a competitive, distinctly radical movement growing up. This was slowly asserting itself and finally brought about a split in the ranks, bringing out two decided factions bitterly opposed to one another and becoming more so as time went on. The Social Democrats and the Anarchists, both claimed to have the same goal — the overthrow of the capitalist system. The former believed in political action as a means to overthrowing the government. The election of socialist representatives was to change the present system into a Commonwealth without private ownership — a centralized government run by Socialists. The anarchists believed in direct action as a means of capturing the economic forces. They believed in the forceful overthrow of the existing regime by general strikes, establishing Anarchism with independent communes based on mutual aid through Universal Federation. The notion of forceful overthrow of the present system, later changed to an ideal of organizing co-operatives, both for consumption and production, and thus changing the economic system.

The beginning of Mot's radicalism may be traced to the Berner Street Club, in the early years of '80's, in the East End of London.

When Grinevitsky's historic bomb exploded in Russia in 1882, mortally wounding the Czar Alexander II, the wholesale arrests made by the police at that time caused many young revolutionists or "nihilists", as they were named

Mot Becomes an Atheist

by Turgeneff in his famous book *Fathers and Sons*, to flee from Russia. The nearest and safest place of refuge was London. England is the only country in Europe that has never deported political refugees. A great number of those refugees came to London with the intention of later going to America, but lack of funds made London a temporary stopover.

These refugees consisted of intelligent young men and women — college students, scientists and intellectuals of various kinds — who mingled with the workers. They had no permanent “Mecca” where they could meet. They met privately in their homes, until some benefactor made it possible to procure a gathering place for the radical element in London. It was an old wooden two-story building, which was quickly converted into a club and named the “International Workmen’s Educational Association”, but always, for many years, it was known as the Berner Street Club. That Club was the nucleus of the radical and trade union movement in both the East and West Ends of London.

Gilaroff, a former school mate in Moscow, took Mot to Berner Street for the first time.

The Club was a spacious room, with a capacity of over 200 people, and contained a stage. Here were performed by amateurs mostly in Russian language plays by well known Russian revolutionists — Tchaikovsky (not the famous composer), Volchovsky, Stepniak, Winchevsky, Gallop; later came Simon Kahn, Krantz, Feigenbaum, Yanovsky, and others.

Indeed, it would feel many volumes to narrate a detailed biographical history of these and many others — intellectuals that came frequently in Berner Street Club, taking an active part in spreading the gospel of revolutionary socialism.

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Tchaikovsky was a professor in the St. Petersburg (Leningrad) University. In the latter part of the 70's of the last century he joined the activity of the revolutionary movement in Russia. The students rallied around him and soon revolutionary groups were organized by students in most cities and towns under the name "Tchaikovzky". He had a great influence on the Russian youth and was very prominent among them. He was arrested and sentenced for exile to Siberia, but he managed to escape and came to London, from where he continued his connections with the revolutionary groups in Russia.

He was a tall stately man of aristocratic appearance, immaculately dressed. His parents were wealthy aristocrats. He was not a Marxian; as a revolutionary Socialist he was friendly inclined towards Anarchism, being a close friend to Peter Kropotkin.

Volchovsky came to London about the same time and for the same reason. As a Colonel in the Russian army and police commissioner in a southern large city, he joined the revolutionary movement. The speeches of the arrested nihilists at their trials had a great influence on him — as he once expressed himself at a meeting — and he turned against the Czar regime.

He was not a writer nor a speaker, but he was a good organizer in the underground movement in Russia.

Sergei Stepniak (real name Kravchinsky) was very prominent in the Russian revolutionary movement. He was loved and admired by all who knew him. He was a fine writer and became famous after the publication of his book *The Underground Russia*. He also wrote several dramas. His chief activity in the movement of Russia consisted in aiding prominent revolutionists to escape from their imprisonment, until he was himself imprisoned in the Petro

Pavlov fortress, being sentenced to death, but he managed to escape and later helped Kropotkin to escape from the same fortress. Stepniak was one of the bravest and daring members of the terrorist party.

He died on the 23rd of December, 1895, at the age of 43, by accident, being killed by a train while crossing the tracks near his home in the suburb of London.

Morris Winchevsky came to London from Russia in 1880. He was a public accountant by profession. As a lyric poet he had no rival in the Jewish literature. He assisted his brother-in-law, Gallop, who was the first editor of the *Workers Friend*. Winchevsky became famous writing his weekly essays "Meditations of a Crazy Philosopher". After Gallop's death of tuberculosis, Winchevsky sailed to America, where he edited many publications and the Socialist monthly the *Zukunft* (Future) for many years.

Simon Kahn escaped from Russia during a pogrom and came to London. He was a civil engineer by profession. He became a successful merchant and sponsored the opening of the Berner Street Club. He joined the Anarchist movement and was active for many years, giving financial aid to the movement.

Philip Krantz was a highly educated man, a linguist and a fine journalist. He wrote many useful books on culture, among them the *History of the United States of America*, in Jewish. In short, it can be said about him, "no finer man wore shoe leather than Philip Krantz."

V. Cherkesoff came from nobility in Caucasia. He abandoned his life of luxury to go *V'narod* (to the people) to preach the gospel of truth and righteousness to the peasant. The long arm of the Czar's law reached out for him, but he managed to escape to London. There, together with the other intellectual refugees, while working as a book-

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keeper for a living, he carried on both in Russian and in English languages his activity in the Anarchist movement. In his book *Pages of Social History*, he proves historically the fallacy, the false reasoning of the Marxian theory.

S. Yanovsky came to London in his young years. Having been a teacher in Minsk, Russia, he became acquainted there with the revolutionary movement and started to teach the "illegal" propaganda. The authorities got wind of it and began to hound him until he escaped to London after an arrest. He was an untiring active man in the Anarchist movement. Short in stature, with a feeble physic, he nevertheless showed an energy which was admirable. As a splendid journalist and a fine speaker, he was "never tired" to be active for the movement. Over fifty years of his life he gave to the cause of humanity.

J. Kaplan came to London from a southern town in Russia, a "Magid" by profession, of what is called in the Gentile world an Evangelist. He was a remarkable fine orator. It seemed as if he could speak for hours untiringly. During his lectures he used the wittiest instances or illustrations, which kept his listeners in a roar of laughter. Yet, right in the middle of it, he would become seriously earnest, elaborating pathetically on the destiny of suffering humanity. He was a presser in the ladies' clothing trade and for a long time the secretary of their union. He was loved, respected and admired by the workers. He died in the "saddle" of the movement.

There were scores of others, intellectuals, that have dedicated their lives from early youth for the advancement of the working class. The hearts of those pioneers were filled with sympathy for the laboring men and women, with a burning desire to abolish an unjust system of society. They all sacrificed their careers, their future, for the sake of truth.

Mot Becomes an Atheist

Invariably, on Saturday or Sunday evening, there was a truly international gathering of Russian, Jewish, British, French, Italian, Czech, Polish, and radicals of other nationalities. A number of "Chartists"* — the Socialists of those years — also came there. Quite often the renowned radical poet, William Morris, was seen there reading his splendid verses. It may be said that there, in Berner Street, was laid the foundation for true International Brotherhood of Mankind. The *Workers Friend* — a radical weekly in Yiddish — was started there, and for many years carried on an ethical cultural education of the working class. Like Faneuil Hall in Boston, Berner Street Club was the "Cradle of Liberty", for the workers' emancipation from economic slavery, in London.

Mot, as a new recruit to the radical movement, frequently attended radical meetings, public debates, and read their literature. Nevertheless, a very young man, with little experience in life and without educational background, was unable to grasp the deeper importance of those two opposing theories, of Michael Bakunin and of Karl Marx. He was then unable to dissect the theories and see the errors they contain. But as youth never stops to think, but plunges, under the influence of his friend Rubinstein, he decided to cast his lot with the Anarchists and joined their ranks. But there was a still deeper psychological reason for his decision, might have been curiosity.

* The "Chartists" — a political party with a revolutionary background — organized in the late years of the 18 century. Their views were embodied in a document called "Peoples Charter". The chief points were: Universal suffrage, vote by ballot, annual Parliament, equal electoral divisions, and the abolition of monopoly property.

CHAPTER X

AN ANARCHIST

During the last decade of the 19th century, there was a considerable wave of "attentats". A number of assassinations had been carried out by Anarchists in Europe, assassinating high government representatives. Those were individual acts of terror by men like Ravachol, Caserio, Vaiyant, Emil Henry and others. The ruling classes were aroused and panic stricken. The press proposed a general raid on Anarchists, naming them as "murders". They said that those terrorist acts were "actual means of propaganda", and that all those acts were "planned in the anarchist groups, the members drawing lots for the 'lucky' one to do the assassination . . ." These assertions in the press caused Mot to suspect his friend Rubinstein as one of the conspirators; and one day, at his friend's suggestion, he consented to join the Anarchist group, in order to ascertain the truth of the press' assertions.

The "Workers' Friend Group" consisted of about fifteen members, the greater portion of them working men and women with a burning desire to change the existing system into an Anarchist Society. They had no chairman or officers; the meeting was opened and presided over by a volunteer and the calendar or agenda was made up by suggestions from the members present. The agenda usually consisted of arranging lectures, public meeting on some timely topic, a memorial meeting for the "Chicago Martyrs", or celebration of the "Paris Commune".

The "Chicago Martyrs"* were working men, intellec-

* See Henry David — *Chicago Martyrs*.

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tuals of first rank. They were Anarchists, judicially murdered by the state of Illinois on demand of the plutocrats. The "Haymarket Affair" is the official name of the martyrdom of these innocent noble men. Parsons, Spiese, Fisher, Engle, Ling, Shwab, and Fielding were sentenced to death, and Oscar Nebe to fifteen years imprisonment, because they agitated an eight hour working day for the workers. Shwab's and Fielden's sentences were commuted from death to life imprisonment. Ling, the stubborn rebel, committed suicide in prison; the other four lost their lives by hanging. Only recently, Henry Ford stated that it is sufficient to work five hours a day five days a week and yet the State of Michigan did not hang him for it.

In a lesser degree the Chicago judicial murder of 1887 has been repeated in other struggles of the working class. The murder of the defenceless strikers in the hop-fields of Whitland, California, in 1913; the chapter of "Ludlow" in the State of Colorado, where the militia set the little houses of the strikers on fire, burning the men, women and children alive, in 1914; the similar treatment of strikers in Everett, Washington, in 1916, in Tulsa, Oklahoma, in Virginia, Kansas and Arizona, in the copper mines of Montana and other places in the country. Lest we forget the Mooni-Billings case and the Sacco-Vanzetti trial — they all resemble the Haymarket martyrdom. Nothing angers so much exploiters of labor than the attempt to educate their victims. The judicial murder of the Chicago Martyrs gave more inspiration to the masses in the struggle for a new and better world, rather than to check it.

Occasionally it was a discussion on some vital labor or social question, but invariably, every week, of foremost importance was the publication of the weekly Anarchist organ, the *Workers Friend*", maintained by subscribers and volun-

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teer contributions. It was always "in the red", in spite of the fact, that the editor was the only paid person on the staff. His salary was fifteen shillings a week, but he very seldom received it in full; mostly he was given five shillings or so a week and even that was only on the theory, that even an editor must eat occasionally. The meeting always took place in an upper story over a barn, the entrance to which was up a ladder through a trap door. It was not palatial, but the rent was low.

The "comrades" were all poverty stricken, yet they sacrificed part of their subsistence towards the "movement". Comrade Topler regularly shared half of his weekly pay; Kerkelevitz on one occasion pawned his shoes for eighteen pence, which he donated to the emergency collection for the *Workers Friend*. On another occasion, comrade Shaffer went home and took the kerosene lamp, leaving his family in the dark, and brought it to the group meeting, where the comrades were also sitting in the dark. There wasn't a shilling among them to deposit in the gas meter. Such quiet sacrifices were common; all for the purpose of furthering the cause of the beautiful dream of a Free Society under Anarchism.

Some years later, Mot met a German comrade, an individualist, devoted to the "cause", who adopted a spectacular method of obtaining funds for the movement. A waiter by trade, he worked mostly at the wealthy West End clubs. Towards midnight, when the guests would depart, several wealthy young men would remain for a card game in a private room. T. then joined them and with his meager funds, played very cautiously. Towards dawn, when there were large sums of money on the table, he drew a gun and held up the players, taking away all there was, with the remarks: "You young charlatans don't need this money,

but the movement does." Then he locked them in and disappeared, distributing the booty anonymously for the movement among the different countries of Europe. He believed in the expropriation of the rich to help the revolutionary cause of the poor. He traveled throughout Europe, visiting the principal cities, worked as a waiter and used his method of obtaining funds to support the movement. A stout jovial fellow, pleasant, witty and kind. He could drink a keg of lager, with an "interlude" of wine, without visible effect.

The weekly public gatherings of comrades, sympathizers and newcomers to the lectures, were held for many years at the Sugar Loaf, a hall in the rear of a public house on Hansbury Street. The lectures were interesting and instructive, concerned mostly with economics, politics, religion, trade unionism, domestic relations, etc. Comrade Kaplan delivered a series of eighteen lectures on Herbert Spencer's book *Evolution*. Comrade Rocker held twenty-five popular lectures on "Astronomy". Comrade Brooks, a series of ten lectures on "Drama". Comrade Dr. Handel, on a visit to London from Germany, was invited to speak in Sugar Loaf. His subject was "Free Love". The lecture was successful, but it created an uproar. Some of the more conservative comrades disagreed loudly with the speaker's views on love and sexual relationship. Comrade Sax went to the extent of tearing the lapel on his coat, in protest that Anarchism would entertain such ideas. Together with Dr. Handel came Comrade Rocker, who carried on propaganda among the Germans in the West End, and later, was very active in the anarchist and labor movement in London's East End.

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Among the many celebrities that Mot had heard or read about in his early days of the radical movement, the name Bakunin always had a mystical effect on him. He thought of him as a superhuman person, a man that is perhaps possessed of sorcery, witchcraft, or some magic powers. That belief was caused by some writers about Bakunin in an exaggerated manner, such as the book of one Tananbaum, *Mysteries of the Russian Royal Household*. Dealing with various — both of the reactionaries and the revolutionists — Bakunin is there presented in a peculiar form when he escaped from various prisons either through a chimney, a key-hole, or vanished in thin air — a sort of Houdini. Such presentations were purely fantastic.

Michael Alexandrovitch Bakunin was born the 20th of May, 1814, in a village in central Russia. His family was among the wealthy aristocracy. His father was a man of free thought, took part in the revolutionary movement of the "Decabrists" and became very pessimistic in his old age, having lost faith in the possibility of abolition of the Czar's regime. His mother was a "full-blooded" aristocrat — serene, cold and strict.

There is very little information concerning Bakunin's youth, but there is a certainty that he received a very good education. At twenty he attended the school of artillery in St. Petersburg; at twenty-one he became an officer in an infantry regiment near the Polish border.

The monotonous military life in peace time, became rather disinteresting to him and in 1834 he resigned and gave up his militaristic career. In 1838 he became acquainted with the ideas of the German philosopher Hegel, who was at that time the spiritual leader of the young intelligentsia, but the stormy nature of Michael Bakunin disagreed with the Hegelianian philosophy, which had for its slogan:

"Everything in existence is natural, justified and must be tolerated".

Bakunin became acquainted with the famous writer Ogaref, who later was a co-editor of the famous monthly *Kolokol* (the Bell), edited by Alexander Hertzen, who had a great influence upon Bakunin's future life. He went to Berlin, where he met Turgenief, that famous Russian novelist and essayist who wrote the great novel *Fathers and Sons*.

However, he found the school of philosophy in Berlin greatly influenced by the reactionary teachings of the Prussian militaristic junkerism and there, for the first time, he published a pamphlet — in 1842 — against the attempt of the reactionaries to strangle the philosophy of freedom. Then his revolutionary career began.

Bakunin visited every country in Europe, taking part in the revolts of the various countries by the peasants and workers against their oppressors. In 1849 he took part in the revolt at Dresden. There the young Richard Wagner, who later became the famous composer, was his assistant. Wagner greatly admired the energy and courage of Bakunin, while the reactionary Saxonians were afraid of him as they would of the devil himself.

The Prussian authorities finally succeeded in arresting Bakunin and thus the revolutionary hero fell into the hands of the bloody reaction and it took him nearly twelve years to escape. From the Dresden prison he was transferred to a fortress in Kenigstein, where he was compelled to wear heavy chains day and night. A year later he was sentenced to death. He stood at his trial courageous and proud, calmly listening to his sentence pronounced by the presiding judge. All he said was: "The deciding factor in history is success, had I been successful in my plans, I would have been considered a great personality, but being defeated, I am sen-

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tenced to death." His courageous behavior at the military trial made a favorable impression upon the reporters and the press published flattering sympathetic remarks.

The Russian government intervened, demanding the extradition of Bakunin. A few weeks later he was brought to St. Petersburg and there he was "buried" in the Peter Pavlov fortress, where he spent the worst time of his life. His mother made several attempts to win freedom for her son, but without avail.

In 1857 he was exiled to Siberia. There his life became somewhat more endurable, having obtained some special privileges. Though in exile, he nevertheless became very active among the exiled "Decabrists" and other revolutionists. Then he was transferred to the Eastern part of Siberia, escaping from there in 1861, during the absence of the Governor.

The story of his escape was sensational. He decided to sail over the Amur, a large river in Siberia, planning to reach Japan that way. On the Amur he met a Russian official steamer. He quickly reached the steamer on a small boat and introduced himself to the captain as a stranded traveling salesman of a Russian business firm. The captain, not knowing Bakunin, felt rather sympathetic towards the stranger and consented to take him to the nearest port, from where he could sail direct to Russia. During a conversation with the captain, Bakunin became aware that the Governor of Eastern Siberia was to board the ship at some near port. The Governor knew Bakunin well. The situation became dangerous for the escaped rebel, but danger was of little concern to him: a short distance from where the captain was to pick up the Governor, Bakunin asked for permission to board an American ship. The friendly captain complied with his request and an hour later Bakunin past the ship

with the Governor aboard, not suspecting that the greatest revolutionist of all Europe was so near him.

That was his last predicament. Without further difficulties, he reached Yokahama, Japan. From there he sailed to San Francisco, where he found many friends, helping him to get to New York. After a short stay in New York, he went to London, England. There he received an ovation by the colony of Russian revolutionists, among them his friends Ogaref and Herzen. Thus he concluded his journey around the world, which lasted twelve years. The first half of his journey was with chains on his hands, the second half, a homeless refugee.

In London he at once became active again in the revolutionary movement. In 1864 the "First International Workmen's Association" was organized. Its aim was the economic struggle and the economic emancipation of the working class. Five years later Bakunin and many of his friends joined the "International" and the activity of this great revolutionist was exceedingly valuable for the development of the great Workers' League. In 1871, at a conference in London, a resolution was adopted favoring the parliamentary political tactics as a means for the workers' struggle for his emancipation. Bakunin personally and his theories were attacked at that conference, which aroused a protest in various sections of the International and finally led to the ruin of the Association.

In 1872, at the Haag Congress of the International, Bakunin was expelled as a member, during his absence. This was to be a formal victory by the Marxians over the Bakuninists.

The revolutionary minority lost no time in calling a new Congress at St. Emier, Switzerland, where drastic protests were expressed by Italian, Spanish, French, Belgian,

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Holland, Russian and other nationalities there present. A new International was formed, which existed years after the Marxian International.

After the St. Emier Congress, Bakunin withdrew from public activity owing to his shattered health — the aftermath of his long imprisonment in Russia. His health kept getting worse. He decided to go to Bern, Switzerland, to his friend Prof. Adolph Font, but on July 1st, 1876, at the age of 62, he passed away. *

It may well be said about Michael Bakunin, as Judge Panken says in one of his pamphlets :

“Man has ever looked upward. Throughout history he has striven for greater freedom. Man has sought to mold his own life and fashion his own destiny. The spirit of Man always rebelled against shackles. A dark moment may descend upon him, but his soul even in darkness soars towards light.”

* * *

On Mile End Row, opposite Great Assembly Hall in Mile End, open air meetings were held every Sunday morning by various “Saviors of Humanity”, such as the Salvation Army, Christian Evidence Society, Free Thought advocates, Socialists, etc. Among them, weather permitting, was always Comrade Leggatt, with his small collapsible platform loaded with literature, which he distributed or sold after his “sermon”. A city dustman, or rubbish collector, he was a splendid orator, although with very limited education. Every Sunday he talked on a different subject. Quite

* See *God and The State* by M. Bakunin.
Life of Michael Bakunin by Dr. Netlau.

frequently he offered analysis and criticism of the subjects his competitors on the "row" had talked on a week before. This would so antagonize the adherents of his competitors that they would try to disturb his gatherings with heckling.

— "Hey you, you're forever a free lover. You don't believe in marriage. You just live with your wife!"

Leggatt would quickly reply:

— "Yes, it's so, but you believe in marriage, yet you live with the wife next door."

Another would shout:

— 'Hey, you blooming Anarchist, you infidel, you'll go to hell when you die!'

— "Well" — he would reply with a smile — "We don't know much about the hereafter, but I'd rather be in hell with Voltaire, Paine, Ingersoll, and other philosophers and learned men and women free-thinkers, than be in Heaven with idiots, prostitutes, criminals and tyrants, who were promised heaven if they repent and pray to God. The former can make heaven out of hell, but the latter will make hell out of heaven."

At times, when he was sarcastically inclined, he would imitate the tolling of a factory bell:

"Mugs — mugs — mugs — go-to-work — go-to-bed — go-to-work — go-to-bed — from-your-cradle — till-you're-dead."

He carried on his propaganda talks for many years, on Sunday mornings in Mile End, and in the afternoon in Shepherd's Bush. It is remarkable to what extent free speech was permitted in London. Leggatt, for example, attacked the Royal family, the clergy, the capitalists. The Army were "legal murders", the Navy were "pirates". He even roasted the Police, although a big London Bobby stood

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near him, smiling. Leggatt later procured a better city job and his ire cooled.

As a whole, Mot found that the active Anarchists were well educated and some of them highly intelligent. He had satisfied his curiosity, for which he had joined the group. They were not a body of conspirators whose purpose was assassination and bomb making; in fact, the majority of the group members, were positively against terror, organized or individual. Thus Mot became a full-fledged Anarchist and dedicated his life to the emancipation of humanity from the "triple alliance" — God, State and Capitalism.

CHAPTER XII

A VISIT WITH PETER KROPOTKIN

When Mot married, he was not quite twenty. On his part there was no romance, either before or after his marriage.

In London Mot was what the Russians call a *kruglaya cirota*, a round orphan. He had no parents, no relatives, not even a *landsman*, someone he knew from Moscow.

His friend, Samuel, lived in two rooms on Fashion Street, Brick Lane, with his pretty wife and child. Mot shared their home, sleeping in one of the rooms on a chair-bed, an iron chair that collapsed every evening into a bed. His rent was eighteen pence — thirty-six cents — a week.

Mot at that age was a happy-go-lucky nonchalant always happy fellow, taking life as it came. Girls liked him and sought his company, but he fell in love with none of them.

One day Mot was introduced to a pretty girl, named Dora. The girl came to London with her brother from Byalostock, Russia, and lived with a Mrs. Gradner, who came from the same town and knew the girl's parents. Mot liked her quiet and reserved manner and her simple good taste in clothes. Although Mot did not fall in love with her, Dora fell in love with Mot at first sight. She was a cigarette maker and worked in a small shop in the West End. The proprietor was also a dealer in costly jewelry, which he sold to the nobility along with expensive cigarettes. With her employer's permission, Dora brought some cigarettes to Mot, imprinted "His Majesty the King of England".

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She seemed to have made up her mind that Mot was to be her life's partner. After a few months of acquaintance, Samuel's wife suggested that Mot give Dora a "keeper" ring, a twisted gold ring, used in those days as an engagement ring. From that day, they went into partnership, with Dora as general manager and treasurer. Each week Mot handed her his salary, out of which she paid his board and bought him clothing and other incidentals.

This procedure was to continue throughout their life, with the exception of a year when he was alone in America. During his travels in the U. S. he sent her money orders every week.

After about six months of engagement, they decided to get married. June is the popular marriage month in America. In London it was December, Christmas day mostly. There was no legal procedure required, only the ceremony in church or synagogue. When they went to Stepney Green Temple to register, they were informed that over a hundred marriages were scheduled for that Christmas day. Doubtful whether their marriage ceremony will be the first or the last, Dora suggested the week after Christmas. Mot preferred the week before and, as usual, Dora agreed to please Mot.

At the Temple the brides and grooms dressed in their wedding outfits, were seated on long benches, waiting for their names to be called. The ceremony lasted about ten minutes and the knot was tied forever. For those ten minutes the couples often waited all day. When some couples remained uncalled at the closing of the Temple, they were married off in "bulk" — in a collective ceremony, and the belated couples sighed with relief.

After their marriage, Mot and Dora moved into an unfurnished room on New Castle Stret, in the East End of

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London. The young couple were fortunate enough to get a room with an alcove, in which they placed their wooden bed. When the young bride hung a curtain over the alcove, it was camouflaged into a separate bedroom.

The furniture in the room consisted of a round table, three chairs and an orange box, which was divided into shelves, to serve as a food container. This orange box was decorated with a flounce on the top and a curtain in front. In that one-room abode, their first son, Barney, was born. A spinstress lady fell in love with that infant and she came regularly every day to rock the baby, but she invariably always fell asleep on the chair at the performance of the rocking, only to be waken by a sudden yell by her boy friend in the cradle. She quickly excused herself and began to rock the cradle and again fell asleep together with her boy friend. Thus Mot and Dora lived happily, bringing into the world five children. Everyone turned out to be — as their daughter Anna would say — “great oil cans”.

It was interesting to Mot in observing his children's variety of inclination and ability to note the contrast among them. The older son, studiously inclined and fairly successful, was mechanically helpless. Every time he decided to drive a nail into the wall he invariably hit his hand that held the nail first. Then the fuss would commence — wrapping his hand with several rags and asking for various remedies. He was always helpless with any tool, but always “at home” with any book.

The young son, Morris, had no desire for study, but he was a “master of all trades” — a first class licensed electrician, an expert in oil burners, a good asbestos pipe coverer, a mechanic in interior house decoration and craft-text, a good carpenter, etc.

The girls showed the same distinct difference in their

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talents. Anna was an all round capable girl with great initiative ability. From childhood she always had a desire to be "on the go" — visiting. She commenced to sew her own dresses and make her own hats when she was not quite twelve years of age, and made them fashionable and tasty.

Her younger sister, Kate, quiet, reserved and not quite so capable. She died at the age of thirty-seven of appendicitis.

Lilly is the youngest, the "baby" — and some baby! Always happy, singing, entertaining — always the joy of the family.

Dora always brought sunshine into the household. She was always encouraging, always making the best of everything and, above all, always catering to Mot — always trying to please him in every possible way, although he never demanded or expected it. When they married, they started from the same intellectual level. But in this respect they gradually drifted apart; in fact, they soon had nothing in common as to inclination, taste, desire, or opinion. While Mot turned to the left, educating himself, taking part in social activities, Dora remained just where she was, unconcerned with worldly affairs. They had nothing in common for mutual interest in art, literature, science political or economic questions, or worldly affairs in general. She had one ideal — Mot. She gave him complete freedom in his way of life and Mot, in appreciation, always tolerated her opinions and her whims. Thus, freedom and tolerance went together for half a century. Dora and Mot never crossed each other's path.

Mot was then a young man of twenty-seven, with a wife and three children. To be able to give more time to the "movement" and to save his health, which was failing owing to the hard work of his trade, he procured a position

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as agent for an industrial life insurance company. A large brass plate attached to the door of his house announced to the world his important status in society. With a book of names of policy-holders, applications in his pocket, and a pencil behind his ear, he started on his great mission of collecting a penny, twopence and threepence from poor women, who were, even at that price, in arrears. He was also to find new customers and assure them that by paying threepence or maybe sixpence a week, they will not be stewed, or preserved like pickles when they died, but would be buried with all pomp and ceremony — two or three pounds worth.

He was fairly successful in his new venture and had much more time for himself, with more time for reading.

Among other great Anarchist proponents, like Proudon, Reclus, Jean Grave, and others, Peter Kropotkin was the outstanding authority. A great scientist and a great humanitarian, he propounded his ideas in a most popular, interesting, though learned way. In addition to Kropotkin, Mot also admired Peretz and Ibsen. In his youthful aspirations, he had always wished that he could meet his heroes in person. J. L. Peretz and Henrik Ibsen, who were famous symbolic writers, were out of his reach, but the day came when he was to meet Prince Peter Kropotkin.

The funds for the publication of the *Worker's Friend* were exhausted. The printer refused to release the forms with the type until he was paid. The group, at a special meeting, decided to invite Kropotkin to lecture and thereby raise the necessary funds. Mot, the only one in the group who could spare the time for the mission of visiting Kropotkin and explaining the situation, readily accepted the mission.

One day, of that same week, Mot dressed in his best —

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silk hat, Prince Albert suit, gloves and walking-stick, took the train at Euston station for Bromley, Kent, where Kropotkin resided.

In the train, on the way to Bromley, Mot was deep in thought, experiencing a peculiar feeling. He was on a mission to visit a great man, a Prince, born of the Russian Royal Family, raised in luxury and splendor. Kropotkin was given the best education possible in those days. He was given the opportunity to rise to great social heights, yet he chose to give up all that and turned instead to the extreme left, to consecrate his life to humanity's cause, particularly the cause of the peasant and laboring class. What strange twists and turns destiny takes in the life of an individual and often also in society, Mot was thinking, as his train rapidly approached his destination.

At the door he was met by Mrs. Kropotkin, who informed him, that her husband was taking a nap and asked him to wait. Mot was invited into the living room of a small cottage, wherein lived the Prince, who had given up the Czar's palace, "with all its pomp", which he "hated so", as he states in his *Autobiography of a Revolutionist*, in preference to a modest life, where he could peacefully write his great scientific works.

While waiting, Mot observed the neat, simply furnished room. Opposite him was a tall glass case containing a variety of specimen of flies, butterflies, and other large insects — all held by pins, stuck on the back of the case. On shelves, in the same case, there was a large assortment of small stones, in different sizes and colors. On the bottom shelf, was a small bee hive, an assortment of small pieces of metal and the section of a tree with its root.

In a short while, the old gentleman came into the room with outstretched hand.

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— “Have you been waiting here long?” he asked in English and smiling good naturedly, looked squarely at his visitor, as they shook hands.

— “You speak Russian, don’t you?”

— “I do” — said Mot.

— “Well, this is (*prekrasno*) very nice. Now we will have a chat in the language that I like to talk most.” He said those words with a beautiful Russian accent and to Mot every word sounded like good music. At that instant Kropotkin’s wife came in and, turning quickly to her, he said:

— “I have the pleasure of introducing a comrade from London and he speaks Russian, too.”

Smiling, she shook hands with Mot.

— “And now” — the Prince continued — “we will have tea, won’t we, Sophia?”

— “*Konechno*”, (Surely) she said — backing gracefully towards the door — “and we shall have it right away.” She went out.

The Russian Sage became active. He brought over a small low table, which he placed in the centre of the room, then he brought cups and saucers, a bowl with lump sugar and lemon. At the table he asked Mot questions, about how long he was from Russia (the fact that Mot came from Moscow pleased him most), how he liked London, what he was doing, how the movement was going in London, etc. Mot noticed — during his answers — that although he nodded kindly, yet there was close scrutiny in the eyes of the scientist.

The Princess came in with a steaming tea pot and was about to pour it into the cups, when the Prince stopped her.

— “No, no! (*pozshalusta*) please, I’ll take care of this.

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You know I like to do it. Now, you sit down like a good little girl and have tea with us" — and so saying, he poured out the tea. She left the room and quickly returned with a bowl of cookies, which she placed on the table, seating herself at the same time. Mot preferred to listen rather than talk. He commented on the charm of life in the country and how cozy was the cottage.

— "Yes, we like it here" — the host remarked. "It is so quiet and peaceful. We take walks during the day. I work mostly evenings, very often late into the night. That is why I take a nap in the afternoon; besides, I have not felt well of late. I suppose we 'sinners' do not do the right thing by ourselves and nature punishes us for it."

Tea was over. The hostess had cleared the table. Mot offered cigarettes to his host.

— "No, thank you, I don't smoke, but you may. And now let us turn (*po dellu*) to business. You have undoubtedly some mission in coming out here, to see me, have you not?"

— "Yes, I have, replied Mot, I have a mission — a request from the "Workers' Group". He went on to explain at length the plight of the Anarchist organ, which was the main spring of the movement, that the publication of the weekly might have to stop. The comrades felt, that by his coming to London to lecture, it would surely be a moral and material success, a lift to the paper.

The Russian Prince and apostle of the Social Revolution listened very attentively to Mot's plan, occasionally smoothing his big, curly beard.

— "And what would you suggest as my subject?"

— "Anarchism and Social Democracy" — was Mot's somewhat timid reply.

A Visit With Peter Kropotkin

Kropotkin hesitated for a moment.

—“(Sozshaleyu) I’m sorry, but it cannot be done. First, because I’m not feeling very well, as I have already said, but that alone, perhaps, would not be the obstacle. My coming to London to convert the Social Democrats into Anarchists does not seem to me to be the right step. Dear comrade, we are not missionaries, we are idealists. Let them be Social Democrats if they so choose, that’s their business. Our field of activity is among the workers, to help build up revolutionary trade-unions, which will in time do away with the system of which they are victims. “*Eto dyelo nashy.*” Now comes the question of assistance to the *Worker’s Friend*, which, to my sorrow, I cannot read, but, which I am told, is a very good medium of enlightenment.” So saying, he arose, reached in to a bureau and returning to the table, handed two sovereigns to Mot.

—“Take this with you (*tovarisch*) comrade, and tell the comrades in London, that this is my contribution towards the sustaining fund for the *Worker’s Friend*.”

Mot looked at the gold pieces and then at the host and said:

—“But I did not come here for this . . .”

—“*Chorosbo, chorosbo, ya znayu* — I know,, take it along just the same.”

Soon Mot took leave of the Prince and his wife and departed. That visit gave Mot plenty to think about. Here was a man, a great scientist, a Prince, a direct heir to the Russian throne, who forsook all his opportunities for a life of luxury, for an Ideal — the betterment of humanity. In his heart and mind Mot admired and almost worshipped the man and these very thoughts greatly strengthened his idealism. Yet Mot could not possibly have imagined that

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in less than thirty-five years, Kropotkin's dream of the abolition of czarism in Russia, would become a reality and that Kropotkin would return to Russia, to his native Moscow, only to die soon after, in poverty and obscurity. Such is destiny. . . . No man has ever lived to see his promised land of milk and honey.

CHAPTER XIII

IN AMERICA

Mot had made considerable progress in his new occupation, life insurance, yet he was not content. He felt he could do more for himself and his family, which now consisted of two boys and two girls. He looked for bigger opportunities than he saw in London, and thus decided to leave for America. He set a date, bought his passage and on Christmas night attended the annual ball to take leave of the comrades. There they insisted that he says something from the platform. That was Mot's last speech in London.

He left the day after Christmas of 1901, and arrived in Boston one week after New Year, in 1902.

This trip differed considerably from his first trip to the U. S., when all were deported back to Engand. To begin with, the steamer was not a cattle boat. It was a modern passenger steamer. There was no steerage; the accommodations were good. Mot had a state room to himself, with a clean comfortable bed. The food was good, the general environment was pleasant. There was entertainment nearly every evening, and the trip lasted six days instead of sixteen.

This trip gave Mot something to think about. He learned that anything one gets for nothing is worth nothing; it may even be injurious, unless it has behind it some moral or material obligation. Charity seems to carry with itself a sense of carelessness and irresponsibility. Those who contribute to charity may have good intentions, but those who dole it out to the needy, have very little regard for the rights

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of the recipient. Their psychology is based on the premise that he has no right at all.

At the railroad station he was met by his brother Charley, looking rather needy. Mot was pleasantly surprised by the brightly-lit street car. London street cars had a small kerosene lamp at each end, which struggled in vain to light up the car. When he arrived at Charley's home in Chelsea, he did not find "Venus awaiting him" . . . but he found a poorly-furnished place with a sick sister-in-law and two little girls.

Charley's small apartment could not hold another roomer, so Mot moved to the house of comrade Ball, on Spruce Street, Chelsea. Comrade Ball was a carpenter by trade and a very devoted Anarchist. He did not belong to any group or organization, but did his "little bit" for the movement in his own peculiar way. He loved Peretz's poems and short stories, which were symbolical and entertaining. He gathered an audience in his house, by standing in the street in front of his house and calling in strangers. After corralling ten or twelve puzzled people, he came into the room, locked the door and read one of Peretz's short stories, like "Bönze Shweig", "Der Meshulach", or "Poet und Publicum", or perhaps "A Kaas fun a Yiddene". At the end of his reading, he would unlock the door and offer a cup of tea to any one who cared to stay, so that he could bore them individually.

At a friend's suggestion, Mot took up the business of soliciting orders for enlargements of photographs into crayon or water color portraits, which was the rage at that time; also for reducing photographs to miniatures framed in gold-plated brooches, or stick pins and watch cases, at which Mot did well. But as the business was only a fad, which soon died down, he procured an agency in one of the big indus-

trial life insurance companies, at which he stayed for about a year, destiny having prepared something for Mot, which changed his life completely..

There was no radical movement in Boston to speak of at that time. It was soon after the assassination of President McKinley and the lid on the radical movement was on tight, so that radicals met privately for social evenings and discussions. A few young men, however, got wind of Mot and arranged a lecture for him. He made a hit. Soon after, he lectured very frequently and became popular in Boston and vicinity as a lecturer on literature.

One evening, about six months after his arrival in Boston, he lectured there on *A Doll's House*, by Ibsen. At the close of the lecture, he was told that someone wants to see him. A neatly-dressed pretty young woman of about thirty-five stood near him. He looked at her; she was not anybody he knew. She came nearer to him and blushing slightly, said:

— "Don't you know me?"

— "Well, no, I'm sorry to say" — Mot said, almost stammering.

— "Don't you recognize me? I am Masha, your mother's maid."

Mot was amazed and dumbfounded for a while, then he recalled the young woman who had left his house, on his mother's return from the Nizhni Novgorod fair, nearly fifteen years ago. Everything came to him at once. . . . He was overwhelmed with joy at seeing her again and in his excitement, he embraced her saying: "I never thought of seeing you again."

She also lived in Chelsea, with her aunt, and so they walked down to the ferry together. In Chelsea, they walked to the small park, which had a fountain and some benches.

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There they sat until midnight, sharing reminiscences. A policeman and a sergeant passed them a few times, as they sat, affectionately cuddled together, in the chilly moonlit night.

It was nearly dawn when they parted with a promise to meet frequently, as they did on many occasions.

CHAPTER XIV

TRAVELLING EPISODES

Comrade Michael, who was a ladies' tailor, had worked during a slack season as a salesman for an importer of Ladies' Fashion Journals and Models. On leaving the job to return to his trade, his boss asked him to recommend someone in his place. Mot was recommended and accepted. This new position, which he held for over twelve years, gave his life a new impetus. There was hardly a travelling salesman in any other line of business who travelled so extensively through the United States and had such an opportunity to know intimately the towns of America as had Mot.

The average travelling salesman sees his customer on "Main Street" in stores closely located in the centre of the city or town, Mot's customers, exclusively dressmakers, ladies' tailors and milliners, were located all over town, not in stores, but private homes, because the wealthy class to which they catered, preferred it that way.

Up to the time of World War I, private dressmaking was a large industry. Unlike any other business, no man or woman went into it with a large investment. It was always the spinster, or the widow who had to support herself, or the married woman whose husband did not provide sufficiently, or perhaps some ambitious woman who wanted to be in business to prove to her husband what she could do. They all started in a small way with a young assistant, but eventually worked up a relatively big business. Some dress-

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makers employed as many as twenty help, all skilled workers.

The fashion journals for which Mot took subscriptions, as well as the Murlin models, were importations from Paris, Vienna and London, and were works of art. They contained detailed description of the gowns and costumes in the vernacular of the native land, so Mot learned French and German, in order to be able to explain the contents to his customers.

Mot travelled in every state in the U. S., visiting every city and town as well as all the Provinces of Canada and British Columbia. Working mostly the first half of the day till noon, as the customers were busy with fittings in the afternoon, he had considerable time to spare for visiting local libraries, institutions, historical spots, and other places of interest. He visited the slaughter houses in Chicago, where a pig enters through a small door from the freight car, and comes out through another naked and cured; the steel mills in Pittsburgh, woollen and cotton mills in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, mines in Pennsylvania, etc., where foreigners toiled to create the great wealth of this country, for a miserable pittance.

On his first visit to Albany, he went to the State House to listen to the debates of the Assemblymen. He wrote an article about Albany — its historical, industrial and social significance. He also described his visit to the State House, with the debate about peaches by the Assemblymen, which took up most of the session. This he sent to the *Freie Arbeiter Stimme*, a radical weekly in New York. It was printed the same week and the editor requested him to send on such articles every week if possible. So for many years Mot wrote under the heading: "Correspondence of a Traveller".

The comrades would get to know that Mot was due in their town, and they arranged lectures for him. With his

Travelling Episodes

travels, work, visits, lectures and writing, his time was well occupied.

* * *

Frank Lichter was a living example of the millions of immigrant to this country in the past, those who never gave up in their hard struggle to establish themselves securely in business.

He came to New York from Russia, with two other young men — Arnold and Henry — mentioned elsewhere in these chapters. Each followed his own destiny, in different spheres of activity, as a means of livelihood.

Lichter, an enthusiastic, jovial sort of fellow, after working long hours for five or six dollars a week at various trades, decided to become a merchant. He loaded a push-cart with hardware utensils, such as pots, frying pans, covers, strainers and various other tin products and hawked them in the streets of New York.

After giving it a fair trial for nearly six months, he found it quite strenuous, without adequate compensation. He began to think of some other occupation for the support of his wife and expected offspring. One day, during a conversation with a prospective buyer of his wares, he learned about his cousin, who was doing well in Milwaukee in the junk business. Lichter communicated with him and within a month had sold out his hardware and left for Wisconsin. Here, with the aid of his cousin, he ventured in to the junk business, going from farm to farm gathering discarded articles.

One day he bought a calf's hide from a farmer. This he sold to a nearby tannery at a good profit. Lichter sensed a good future for himself selling hides to the tanneries. He gave up junk collecting for hides, and eventually became a

hide merchant. He settled in Sheboygan and became active in the radical intellectual movement in Milwaukee and its vicinity. Lichter raised a family of seven sons. As he was musically inclined and playing the clarinet, he saw to it that his boys received a musical education. They formed an orchestra, known as the "Lichter Family Orchestra". This orchestra was well known in Sheboygan and vicinity; also in Milwaukee. They always played free of charge at charitable and civic affairs.

Mot, on one of his visits to Milwaukee, stayed there nearly a week for business and lectures. His friends there, informed Lichter in Sheboygan that Mot would be on hand, and a lecture was arranged by Lichter. After the lecture, Mot was taken with a horse and buggy to Lichter's house. When they had finished an excellent meal, he was led into the living room where, to his surprise, he found an orchestra — Lichter's seven sons, ranging from seven to sixteen years of age, each with an instrument — cornet, cello, two violins, piano, drums, a fife, and the father with the clarinet. The youngest boy was the leader. When the musicians were seated, the father among them, the "baby" conductor turned to Mot. He bowed politely and asked:

— "What would you like to hear?"

— "This is very kind of you — replied Mot, being overwhelmed with the kindness of the young conductor — "but since you asked me, my favorite in music is always 'The Beautiful Blue Danube.'"

The little fellow turned to his pile of sheet music, reached out a folio and after distributing the sheets to the musicians, stepped on a small platform, raised his baton and the beautiful tunes of that waltz filled the room. Next was "Anita's Dance" by Graig, and at the end the conductor played a Minuet on a fife.

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"A BOOR THERE WAS!"

Henry was an optometrist — and a good one at that. He was forty, tall, broad shouldered, and slightly gray. He wore pince-nez glasses and a black bow tie like most of the intelligentsia of those days. Occasionally he wrote a "feuilleton" for a New York weekly.

He had a hard time behind him. Years ago, when he first came to this country, in New York somebody helped him to procure a job in a knee-pants factory, where his salary was four dollars a week. This was sufficient for bread, tea and cigarettes. He received lodging gratis from one of his friends.

In the old country he was brought up by his parents in an intelligent atmosphere. In the new land at the age of fifteen, the making of pants did not quite appeal to him as a future, but he made the best of it for the time being. In the meantime he began to study English and within a few years was able to read and write well. The knowledge of English opened new channels of opportunity for him and he soon found himself in a new social sphere.

Arnold, one of his New York friends, who had practically the same background in the old country, became a life insurance agent, and so Henry adopted the same profession. This again changed his status in life and opened new avenues. He enjoyed sleeping later mornings, and when he left the house, it was in a clean white starched collar and brightly shined shoes. With a cane, cigarette, and a book under his arm, he marched from one tenement to the other, collecting nickles and dimes from policy holders. This lasted until the afternoon, when he found himself in a cafe, drinking tea, smoking cigarettes and arguing with intel-

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lectuals on "isms" and current topics of the day. He concluded his day by calling on some of his sweethearts — romances which developed on his debit.

His friend Arnold got tired of his life insurance profession, so he left for the South, where he engaged in selling eye glasses to those who needed and those who did not need them. In the meantime he studied optometry and was soon graduated.

Henry followed suit. He remained in New York studying optometry evenings, and in a few years was a full-fledged optomterist. He gave up the insurance business and moved to a nearby town in New Jersey where he opened an office. It shortly turned into a hangout for kibitzers, comrades and idlers, who came to drink tea, smoke cigarettes and argue. His business became bad in consequence, and Henry was forced to close his office and move to another state.

In the new city — Boston — Henry found it difficult to open an office, owing to lack of funds, so he procured a position as a salesman for a large and reputable tea concern. This again, brought him into another sphere of experience. He made his rounds, visitign small grocery stores, taking orders for a few pounds in each store. He liked his new occupation and might have stayed in it the rest of his life, but for one unpleasant incident.

Among his customers, who were more or less pleasant, he had one who made his life miserable. It was a small, dingy variety store, in a basement of a poor section, where he had to call weekly, as the owner, Mr. Churkin, would not order a month's supply like most of the other storekeepers. Every time Henry called, he remained at the door a long while before the proprietor would notice him. Churkin was a big man with a mass of uncombed hair, coatless, in a soiled

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open shirt, from under which a hairy skin was visible. His pants held up by a piece of rope, he would saunter over towards Henry with a nasty, sarcastic grin and sneer:

— ‘Well, you’re here again! What’s the story today? An order again? Got any bargain deal for me? Maybe a bill, eh? Bah, look at him, how he is dolled up! What’s the matter, going to a wedding today? You must be making lots of money, eh?’ At that time the door would open and a woman would enter. Churkin would turn back to tend the customer, leaving Henry standing there, waiting, every minute an hour; waiting and watching Churkin’s deliberate slowness, as he awkwardly flirted with the customer and occasionally hitching up his pants. When the customer had left, Churkin would again approach Henry, and the same line of talk would begin again. Henry being in fear that another customer might come in and prolong the agony, wished in his heart that either he or Churkin would drop dead and end it all. Finally the “boss” would give him a small order and Henry would hastily leave the store.

These weekly visits to Churkin’s store became more and more unbearable to Henry. He hated and despised the man so much that he intentionally forgot to call on him for two or three weeks, in hopes of making him a monthly customer. Churkin complained to the main office and Henry was called to the carpet for his negligence and was cautioned to call on Churkin weekly. Henry did so for a few weeks, going through the ordeal again. Finally he became disgusted. Churkin became so unbearable, that he decided, come what may, he would not call there weekly. The sales manager got wind of the lapse and Henry was “fired”.

In his two years as a tea salesman, Henry managed to save some money with which he once again opened an office

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to practice optometry. He advertised in the local press and built up a considerable clientele. Again his office became a lounging place, where Henry's friends argued, played pinacle and chess, but this time in a back room, where they could not be heard.

One bright morning, about ten, Henry arrived in his office in a happy mood. He wore a new panama hat, his inseparable cane was on his arm, a bunch of newspapers under it he came in, humming through his nose a "piece" from "Aida", which he had heard the evening before. He made himself comfortable in his private office and began to read the morning news. An hour later he heard the door of his reception room open. He laid the paper down, adjusted his bow tie in front of the mirror and entered the reception room.

There he found a man, who stood with his face towards the wall, looking at some charts of eye anatomy, with his hands folded on his back. An elderly woman was waiting on the settee. She rose and came towards Henry.

— "I want you make me glasses for my eyes," she said to him in a broken English.

— "Yes ma'm", replied Henry politely, "step this way" he said, pointing towards the door of the testing room. Henry followed her and closed the door and after remaining there about twenty minutes, returned with the lady to the reception room, where he found the man still examining the charts.

— "When can I have mine glasses?" inquired the women.

— "Next week, Tuesday," Henry replied, making out a receipt for her deposit and offering it to her, said: "Five dollars, please."

At that moment the man turned around and came

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over to Henry. For a few moments they looked at each other in amazement.

— “You are a doctor? You are making eye glasses?” the man jeered to him — “Well, well, how do you like that? He, he, he — he cackled — “Some doctor, why, you are a tea pedler, ain’t you? You can’t fool me! Not on your tintype! He, he, he, some doctor! Come, ma, let’s go, he can’t fool us. He will come to me for a tea order, come.” And taking her hand, they both left the office.

Henry was left standing with the receipt in his hand. He felt dizzy. Everything in the office was going in circles — the walls, the charts, the furniture and fixtures. Henry leaned against the wall; a cold perspiration came out on his forehead. Slowly he slid into a nearby chair and hoarsely murmured — “C h u r k i n ”.

CHAPTER XV

INTERESTING PERSONALITIES

On the way West from Buffalo, Mot once stopped at East Aurora, not for business, but for pleasure and sight seeing. There were located the "Roycrofters", a colony managed by the late Elbert Hubbard, the famous lecturer on "Little Journeys of Great Men", publisher of the famous little magazine, *The Philistine*, and other publications.

This worthy American lost his life on the Titanic. In that colony, if one was fortunate enough to meet Ali Baba in the morning, driving his cow to pasture, one might be treated to an original philosophical thought in a sentence, witty, spicy and instructive. At the entrance to the Roycrofters' Inn there hung a small wooden sign in script: "You are Welcome! Don't expect to be Entertained — bring your own fun with you." There was also a little chapel, where Sunday sermons were held for the Roycrofters and visitors, by Hubbard and other intellectuals. On the door of that chapel there was another sign: "We give Lectures here, but we do not undertake to supply sense." Mot adopted the two mottos; he always tried to bring his own fun with him wherever he came and at his lectures often displayed the other motto.

While in Chicago, Mot visited "Waldheim", where the Chicago Martyrs are buried — those brave intellectual workers, who gave their lives for humanity, in the struggle for the eight- hour working day. Here, too, Governor Altgelt also met his doom, defending them. While standing at the monument, in reverence, Mot did not realize that within

Interesting Personalities

a decade or so, the hours of a day's work in this country would be less than eight, and that there would be suggestions made by an automobile magnate and other captains of industry, that five hours a day is sufficient. But such seems to be destiny — people will fight, struggle and lose their lives being denied something that laater becomes a matter of fact. Were the Chicago Martyrs too progressive, or their persecutors too reactionary?

In San Francisco Mot met Comrade Lydia Todd, the Scrubwoman. That was her occupation, yet she was a philosopher and possessed a fine journalistic pen of the "columnist" style. "The Scrubwoman" was the pseudonym under which she wrote her articles in the *Lucifer* — a monthly publication in Chicago, advocating Free Thought, Free Love and Birth Control — published by Moses Harman. This grand old man wrote a book on how to breed healthy cattle and livestock. The U. S. Department of Agriculture adopted it as a guide book for farmers. Later he wrote a book dealing with the same subject — how to breed healthy human beings — but for this book the government authorities awarded him some years of imprisonment. It seems that the government thought it necessary to have healthy cattle, but it did not deem it as important to have a race of healthy men and women and it was immoral to talk about it. But while the gray-haired philosopher served in prison, his daughter picked up the cudgles and continued his cause.

Mot was once introduced to the Mayor of a large city in the middle west, Brand Witlock. In entering his office, he noticed that the walls were hung with pictures of Abraham Lincoln, Tolstoy, Kropotkin, Francesco Ferrer, Father Jones, and others of that calibre. Emma Goldman came to that city once to lecture, but the Chief of Police forbade the meeting. The Mayor, however, took the ban off and stated that as

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long as he would be Mayor of that city there would be free speech. The lecture was held in the Soldiers' Memorial Hall. He went a step further and he invited the speaker to his home, where a lecture was given on "What is Anarchism?" Very prominent people were there as guests, some of them high government officials, also Woodrow Wilson, at that time President of Princeton. The Chief of Police was also allowed to be present and after the lecture the "Chief" escorted the speaker to the train and requested a return visit to the city.

In Montreal, Canada, Mot called on a ladies' silk waist factory to sell his fashion journals. The concern did a big business and it was managed by four men, a sort of incorporated partnership. The president of the concern who had charge of the office and business end, was an Anarchist; so was the vice-president, who was a designer and cutter. The treasurer was a Social Democrat and acted as superintendent of the shop. The last member of the firm was the head salesman and a member of the Socialist Labor Party, at that time under the "dictatorship" of Daniel DeLeon. In business they "pulled" together very well, but when it came to "principles", it was different. There was a wide gap between them and occasionally humorous situations would arise. When an Anarchist "big shot" came to town, or some affair was held in favor of the Anarchist movement, the S. L. P. man refused absolutely to patronize it. The same would occur when a Social Democratic affair took place. The others would refuse to take any part in it and the superintendent would have to "go it alone".

Of course, on every such occasion, a private gathering of the bosses would take place in the factory office, where each "Ideal" would be dissected by the opponent and a verbal free-for-all would ensue.

As a whole they were a congenial "quartet", each one

Interesting Personalities

an ardent idealist. Although they were not numismatical, nevertheless, they were trying to "make a dollar".

Mot had the profound pleasure to record in his memory, that they were all very kind to him, both in business and in patronizing his lectures, unanimously retaining him to manage a weekly paper, advocating a triangle idealist to satisfy all faction in Montreal. This paper unfortunately did not last long.

In Providence, R. I., which was Mot's favorite city both for business and pleasure, lived his friend, John Cook, a native-born Rhode Island Yankee, an agnostic and Anarchist. He was well read, knew the Bible and Shakespeare from memory almost verbatim. A singularly good-natured old man, well known in the city and a carpenter by trade, he was instrumental in organizing the first local of the carpenters' union in Rhode Island, and remained secretary until his death.

They had a strike in Providence at one time and one of the union men, a new member, scabbed on a job. The union court-martialled him and sentenced him to pay \$300 dollars fine. Mr. Cook did not take any part in the proceedings, but after the verdict he addressed the membership with an eloquent plea in favor of the accused, claiming that his economic circumstances had caused him to do the wrong thing and that the capitalist system was more to be blamed than he. He appealed for clemency. There were opponents and the question was put to a vote, the majority was in favor of mitigation, and the "culprunt" was exonerated.

After the meeting, the man whose cause he pleaded came over to John Cook and said:

—"I undrestand, from what they tell me, you are an Anarchist."

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— “Yes, I am” — replied Cook, smiling, as usual, good naturedly.

— “I hate Anarchists. Take that . . .” And the man hit Cook right in the eye.

Cook walked around with a “mouse” on his face for several weeks. When Mot came to Providence and noticed his eye, Cook related the story to him in detail, adding:

— “Well, he’s not to be blamed. He is ignorant, a victim of the capitalist system. They are to be blamed.”

CHAPTER XVI

OH, WHAT A NIGHT !

Once on his route in one of the western cities — Kansas City, Mo. — Mot felt rather lonesome, as he had no acquaintances there or any comrades. He strolled out to look the town over and noticed a sign in the entrance of a building, "Socialist Headquarters of the X County". He walked up the stairs and entered a large room, where several men and women sat talking. He quickly became acquainted with one of them — Miss M. Ziegler, a former school teacher, "fired" from her job for being a Socialist, and now a correspondent-at-large for a Chicago newspaper. She introduced Mot to the chairman who in turn introduced him to the assembly, requesting Mot to tell of his experiences as a traveller.

Mot spoke on "Children's Education" and related the impression he had had in visiting a "Neighborhood Playhouse" School in Brooklyn Hights, N. Y., established by a spinster and ran by "Uncle and Auntie" F., who acted not as teachers but a sort of supervisors. Delinquent children of the city school in the neighborhood, came to this school, voluntarily and regularly for self-entertainment, which consisted in making figures out of clay, carving, drawing pictures and self-taught in reading, writing and figuring; occasionally acting out some impression they received somewhere, such as an "Indian War", a Cowboy round up, and the like.

At the conclusion of his talk, Mot was invited to give a public lecture. The following Sunday an announcement appeared in the local press: "Professor Mot Segye of Boston

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will deliver a lecture on *An Enemy of People* by Henrik Ibsen. At the opening of the lecture, Mot noticed quite a number of young men and women ready with note books and pencils to take notes of the "professor's" lecture!

When it was over, the group who had asked Mot to speak, discussed how they should entertain Mot. Finally Mr. Hoffman suggested something "he will remember us by". Hoffman was a well-to-do bachelor of 65, a Theosophist, and highly intellectual. He hired two private secret service men, and under their protection, Mr. Hoffman, his secretary, Miss T., Miss Z. and Mot started off on a "slumming" expedition of the city's "underworld".

They began by visiting two "gay" houses. In the first, fifty cents was all that was necessary to satisfy one's sensual lust. It was a dingy, miserable-looking place, with a supply of "gayety", too disgusting for any price.

The second "place" was the extreme opposite of the first, with hilarity, splendor and luxury galore. There were beautiful young women in low evening gowns, there was delightful music, and prices for refreshments were from one dollar for a bottle of beer to champagne at \$50 a bottle in a pail of ice.

The next rendezvous was a Chinese opium "den", which they entered through an alley way, down some steps, and through a short tunnel-like corridor. They stepped into a long room that resembled a Pullman at night, with bunks on both sides, in which lay men and women smoking opium, a ghastly sight.

The party then proceeded to a couple of gambling "joints". The first, where nickles, dimes and occasional quarters were the stake, was filled with nervous, wretched-looking "guys". The place was poorly lit and full of smoke of cheap tobacco. The second "joint" was a sort of Monte

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Carlo affair — a beautiful hall, brilliantly illuminated, men in tail-coats, women in evening gowns. Gambling was done by roulette, cards and dice. Bets were for hundreds of dollars and waiters were busy carrying liquor and refreshments in all directions.

The next sojourn was a disgusting place where a cock fight was going on. The audience matched the place.

They proceeded from there, through a back street, over an empty lot to a large wooden one-story structure. It resembled a barn, with two large doors at which one of the guides tapped out a signal. The doors slid open, and as they entered the spacious room, Mot noticed that the secret service men took guns from their pockets. By this Mot surmised that he was not in a very hospitable place. Along the wall at the left there was a bar. To the right at tables were seated suspicious-looking men, with schooners of beer and whiskey glasses before them. After a minute or two, one of the detectives shouted:

— “John, open the cellar!”

The bartender came with a lantern and opened a trap door. One of our guides stood guard with his gun, while the party, headed by the bartender and the other detective, descended the steps. There, in an enormous cellar, men were stretched on the floor, sound asleep. Some even slept in the coal-bin. Mot noticed one man on the floor with a newspaper under him, showing at least a tendency to cleanliness.

On leaving, the detectives told the party that the sleeping men in the cellar were mostly tramps, but that those sitting at the tables were “business” men, ready to cut anyone’s throat for a price.

— “But why are they at large” — inquired Mot — “if they are such dangerous people?”

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— “Well, as long as the law has nothing on them” — the reply came — “and they behave, they are all right where they are, but if they get fresh, they are pulled in.”

It was nearly three in the morning, when the “sight-seeing” was over. After the detectives departed, and the two ladies had been taken home, Mot was invited to Hoffman’s home to sleep. But there was no sleep. What was left of the night was spent with tea and refreshments and a discussion about what they had seen. Hoffman proved himself a brilliant conversationalist.

The next day Mot left for Atlanta, Georgia, on business. He also planned to visit Frank in jail, to interview him for Mot’s weekly story. Frank was awaiting trial for an alleged murder of a girl. He was later kidnapped from a hospital and killed.

While travelling in the South, Mot once had a peculiar experience. He got on a street car, paid his fare and took a seat. Pretty soon the conductor came over and said something which Mot could not understand and to which he paid no attention. A minute later, the conductor came again and said loudly:

— “I told you to get off this seat, they are for negroes only, you understand?”

— “But what’s the difference?”

— “If you say that again, I’ll throw you off the car headlong, see? You understand?”

Mot “understood”, got up and left the car at the next stop.

CHAPTER XVII

MOT MEETS LEON TROTZKY

Mot did business in every city in the U. S. but one. In New York his firm employed two men to work the year round in the city and its vicinity. Whenever he completed a trip and returned to the big city, he submitted a general report. The boss would then hand him a ten dollar bill and tell him to spend it in New York before he went home to Boston. So he lingered a few days to see comrades, to find out how the "movement" progressed, and in return to inform the New York comrades about the conditions throughout the country.

The regular rendezvous of the comrades, the mecca of the radicals at that time, was on Delancey Street, near Canal and E. Broadway — Shmuckler's Cafe — frequented day and night by the *inteligentzia*. Editors, journalists, poets, and would-be poets came there — those the world recognized and those it did not; authors, speakers, organizers and radical kibetzers in general, who liked to rub elbows with celebrities. All daily topics of national and international character — economic, political, and social questions; current events "hot from the griddle", were argued, discussed, ironed out and settled there. Taken all together, between the debaters, chess and checker players, there was plenty of noise.

Every time Mot came to New York he went there and incidentally dropped into the office of the weekly, which

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was over Schmuckler's. He would see the editor and receive a compliment for his stories — his sole payment.

This was in the winter near the end of 1912, when Mot returned to New York from a trip and found himself, as usual, at Schmukler's. He sat at a table waiting for Comrade Isakovitz, when a tall delicate-looking man of about forty with dark mustache and portfolio under his arm, entered the cafe. He looked nervously around and seated himself opposite Mot. They exchanged glances, Mot felt a little uncomfortable, observing the piercing scrutiny of the stranger.

— "You speak Russian?" — the stranger suddenly asked Mot, speaking very fast.

— "*Da*" (yes), came Mot's reply.

— "*Eto prelestno!*" (this is splendid) he said with a light smile, which did not seem to come easily. "Now let's get acquainted. My name is Leon Trotzky. What's yours?"

— "Mot Segye," — came his reply, and he reached out his hand to the stranger.

— "*Ochen preyatno*" (very pleasing), replied the stranger, nodding slightly.

Mot took out a package of cigarettes, paced it on the table, took one and offered it to his new acquaintance. Mot called the waiter and ordered some refreshments and asked Trotzky, what he would have, to which he replied "the same". The waiter departed.

— "What is your occupation? if I may ask" — queried Trotzky.

— "I'm a travelling salesman," came Mot's reply.

— "Oh, this must be very interesting, and I suppose, profitable, too?"

— "Yes, very interesting, but not very profitable. What is your occupation, may I ask?"

Mot Meets Leon Trotzky

"I solicit advertisements for two newspapers, one Russian, one Jewish. How long are you in America?" he asked, again with a peculiar, scrutinizing look.

— "About twelve years, and you?"

— "Not very long, not as long as you — "

The waiter brought the refreshments. The conversation was mostly about the revolutionary movement in Russia. He was not interested in local affairs at all, and wished he could be back in Russia.

Mot could not possibly dream that he was talking to the future War Lord of Russia. His acquaintance could not know that within a few years he would become the most powerful man in the vast Russian empire, that he would be the chief advisor to Lenin and that at his command, five hundred sailors would be shot to death at Cronstadt (a fortification near St. Petersburg, now called Leningrad), because they objected to dictatorship and demanded full political freedom. He departed hurriedly just before Mot's friend came in.

* * *

Such is destiny.

Within a few years, a mighty Emperor of a great country, is banished and chops wood for exercise.

Within a few years, a cheap paperhanger becomes a dictator and the menace to a nation and the world.

And so also, within a few years, the poor advertising solicitor who has become assistant dictator over the biggest country in Europe, the mighty War Lord in Russia, is soon driven out of that very country by Lenin's "office boy", Stalin, and later murdered by an O.G.P.U. agent.

Such is destiny. . . . —

CHAPTER XVIII

JOHAN MOST

Travelling in the United States, Mot occasionally met a celebrity, but he had always wanted to meet the great rebel, champion of freedom, apostle of a Free Society, scholar and dynamic orator — Johan Most.

As a representative in the Reichstag in Germany, in his young years, he was imprisoned for his frankness in a speech, and finally had to flee from his fatherland. He served prison terms in Austria, France, England and United States. An international prisoner, because of his frankness he said things that were true and therefore distasteful to the privileged class, and the state upheld that class. Once during a lecture, a woman comrade "admonished" him, on the stage, with a whip for his frank utterances.

Because of his poverty, he published his *Freiheit* periodically, whenever he was able to scrape together enough money from his readers, to pay for paper and printing. It was a most remarkable revolutionary publication, intelligent, fiery, and satirical. In his Political Observations, he never called the crowned heads of Europe by their real names. He had peculiar nicknames for them. He named Kaiser Wilhelm, "Fatzke"; the Russian Czar, "ignorance"; the Spanish King, "idiot". Always a rebel, he could not understand why an enslaved, oppressed and starved people, does not revolt, and he once said in his *Freiheit* — "Give me three thousand well determined, class conscious, liberty-loving, courageous, rebellious men and women, and I will change this capitalistic system, based on legal robbery, chic-

Johan Most

anery and false patriotism, to a free society, imbued with honest labor, real love for the country and true neighborly spirit."

In the middle of March, 1906, Mot came to Philadelphia on a usual business trip. The comrades had invited him to address the "Paris Commune" celebration, an annual 18th of March gathering of the Anarchists, where Voltarine De Clare and Johan Most were scheduled to speak. That evening left a memorable impression with Mot. The hall was filled with comrades and sympathizers. The chairman introduced Voltarine De Clare as the first speaker, and the stately figure of the poet appeared on the platform. As soon as she spoke the words "My dear friends", two police officers approached her and without a word, pulled her down from the platform. Without introduction, the tall powerful figure of Johan Most appeared on the same platform. He managed to say "*Meine Freunde*", in his strong baritone voice, when a sergeant and two police officers came to the platform. The sergeant said:

— "Most, do you wish to speak and be arrested?"

Most replied: "I am going to speak."

The three policemen grabbed him, pulled him off the platform and threw him to the floor. The lights in the hall went out, leaving the people in darkness. Three policemen stood with search lights. The sergeant commanded: "Everybody leave the hall!" Suddenly, in the darkness, Mot heard someone whisper in his ear, "Dovid Apteker." It was a hint, that everybody was to go to the home of Dovid Apteker, a comrade who had a hall over his apartment. He was a prolific writer of humor and poetry.

Within a half hour, his hall was filled with a large portion of the audience of the gathering that had been broken up. Mot spent a very enjoyable evening there. Winchevsky,

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the great lyric poet reminisced about his first meeting with Johan Most and then for the first time, Mot heard the dynamic orator, the fiery revolutionist, the man who could almost procure "action from a stone". Most was eloquent, describing the rise and fall of the Paris Commune, the great ideal, the 30,000 Communars who fought and died, and he nearly wept when he told the audience of the sight-seeing bourgeoisie ladies pointing out to their children the "criminals", poked their umbrella ends into the eyes of the dead Communars lying in the streets of Paris.

It was nearly midnight when Mot started to leave. Descending the stairs, he found Johan Most standing in the hallway talking to himself and saying: "*Vie kummen handshu in meine taschen?*" (What are gloves doing in my pockets?). Most had on Mot's top coat, which was similar to his, and he laughed good-naturedly when the error was pointed out to him.

The next day he went to Cincinnati, where he was again scheduled to speak on the "Paris Commune". In the afternoon, while Mot and other radicals were in Bukowski's restaurant, a telegram came from the comrades of Cincinnati, that Johan Most was very ill. In the evening another telegram announced his death. Thus lived and suffered a great orator, scholar and libertarian champion, whose name will go down in history. Generations to come will erect a monument to a man, who preached the gospel of one free human race. . . .

Part Three

CHAPTER XIX

A LAWYER

In 1914, the World War I in Europe broke out. The ateliers, the studios in Paris and Vienna, where the fashions which Mot sold were designed, had closed. The artists went to war. German submarines made shipping and importations impossible and Mot found himself unemployed. One day he read an advertisement in a local Boston newspaper:

"A Gentleman wanted to make himself useful in
a steamship office, one with languages preferred."

He lost no time in answering the advertisement and requested an interview.

Within two days he received a reply to see Mr. Townsend at a certain place and hour, regarding the position offered. While waiting for his interview, he looked around and could not see anything to indicate that it was the office of a steamship company. Only one large portrait of a man hung on the wall.

In a few minutes Mot was called into a small office. In front of a desk sat a middle aged man in eyeglasses. They shook hands, and was asked to sit down. A conversation started. Then followed the usual questions, which he answered, apparently, to the satisfaction of the man at the desk. Mr. Townsend pulled out a drawer in his desk, took out a box of cigars and offering it to Mot, said:

— "You smoke, will you have one?"

Mot took one and so did his host; cigars were lit; Mr. Townsend stretched out his legs, reclining in his swivel chair, and said:

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— "From our conversation, I am inclined to think you are the man we are looking for. If you would like to come and work for us, we will be very happy and so will you." Those words sounded very good to Mot. "I have asked you many questions" — he continued — "Now, is there anything you would like to ask me?"

— "Well, no, nothing in particular, only that I am curious and would like to know — Is it freight or passenger?"

Mr. Townsend threw a very suspicious and alarmed glance at Mot, who in turn, became just as suspicious.

— "I don't quite understand you. Will you please repeat your question?"

— "Well" — Mot started apologetically — "I meant to say — you see, it is only my curiosity that made me ask the question, it really makes no difference to me as far as the position is concerned."

— "Yes, yes, I understand" — interrupted the "boss" — "but what was it that you wanted to know, what was your question?"

— "I wanted to know whether it was freight or passenger."

— "Freight or passenger? ! Man alive, what are you talking about?"

— "Isn't this a position offered by a steamship company?"

— "A steamship company? Why, no, this is a life insurance company," Mr. T. replied, looking at Mot suspiciously again.

Mot was perplexed. He could not understand how he came into an insurance company, having replied to a steamship company advertisement. He reached into his pocket, took out the letter signed — "C. T."

— "Is this your letter?"

The man looked at it and replied:

— "Yes, it's mine." He took a letter from his desk and showing it to Mot, said:

— "Is this your letter?"

Mot nodded and they looked at each other for a while. Then both began to laugh.

— "This seems to be a Comedy of Errors," said the man, "the credentials seem to agree and yet there seems to be a misunderstanding."

— "Yes, it seems so, doesn't it? I ment to take a job in a steamship company and landed in an insurance company. That is very strange."

— "Yes, but I think I can explain it. A steamship company had an advertisement, I suppose, in the same newspaper and your reply was most likely handed to us by error, which explains how you got here. There was no mention of a steamship company in your letter and, of course, we took it for granted that the reply was to our ad. However, be it as it may, now that we understand each other, may be this is a fortunate coincidence for both of us. As destiny shaped it that way, why not come and work with us, and I say it again, you are just the man we would like to have in our organization."

Mot was perplexed, in a dilemma. He liked the man very much and did not like to refuse him, yet he did not like the business, and wondered how to get out of taking the job.

— "I'm sorry, Mr. Townsend, I believe in life insurance, but I cannot accept your offer. I'm sorry I've wasted your time.

— "No, no, not at all, my time was not wasted. But

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tell me what is your main objection to joining us? I think you'll make money here."

This question put Mot on the spot, as it seemed to rule out any objection. He had to think fast. He had to find such an excuse, such an objection, or interpose such a request that would be positively objectionable to the insurance company's regulations, thus eliminating all further discussions with the man, who tried hard to engage Mot. Most salesmen for ordinary life insurance companies worked on a strict commission basis, without salary. The rates of commission were arranged according the nature of each policy and, after collecting the first premium from the insured, the agent received his commission accordingly. Mot decided to ask for the salary he had been receiving as a traveling salesman and which he knew would be promptly refused.

— "I don't like to work and wait until I make sale to get my salary. I must have a weekly income."

— "Oh, so that's your objection. Well, we can remedy that. Our business is strictly on a commission basis, but we can, however, give you a weekly advance."

This took the wind out of Mot's sails. He was reluctant to go into life insurance business, but in the hands of that clever manager, he felt he was licked.

The price was agreed upon. Mot received his first check in advance, and became a life insurance salesman against his wish, remaining in the employ of the company nearly thirteen years.

However, Mot was not satisfied. He was not confident and doubted that he'd make a success in his new venture. If he failed, he would have to look for another job and then perhaps another.

He decided to study law. There was another reason for this decision. His son Bernard, then twenty-one, was

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attending his first year of law school. Evenings, when he came home from school, he often consulted his father's opinion on some legal problems, which were given him at school to work out at home.

These problems dealt with the psychology of human relations, in business, domestic and social intercourse. Even though Mot did not know the law applicable to the questions involved, yet he helped him to reason them out, and often his son received a good mark on some very difficult problems. The whole subject of law fascinated Mot, and he decided to enroll at the evening law school which his son attended. He did so, to the surprise of the Dean, who thought it was very unusual for father and son to be in the same school.

Mot's son, co-editor of the monthly *School Register*, once inserted this comment about his father:

"A certain Freshman by the name of M. S. was seen standing in the lobby of the school, for quite a while, admiring the nude statue of Venus de Milo . . ."

Mot's first evening at school left a strong impression on him. The Dean, a tall young man, stepped on the platform, with a book in his hand, to deliver his first lecture to a freshmen class on "Contracts". He started by saying: "The presumption in this country is, that everybody is honest." He then went on to explain that an understanding between two or more parties, to do, or not to do a certain thing, based on a legal consideration, is a contract." On his way home, Mot mused considerably. He had traveled through the length and breadth of the United States, had seen almost everything there was to be seen — of its economic, political, education, spiritual aspects, as well as the

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great industrial and business enterprises — and he had often asked himself the question: Why is it, that the U. S. A., the youngest country on earth, became the greatest and richest country in the world? What is the secret of its success? Why is it, that economically all other old countries, are so much behind the United States?

Suddenly, the answer came to him. It was the first sentence of the Dean's lecture. "The presumption in this country is, that everybody is honest." And it was so. The extension of credit to everybody, was the key to the success. Manufacturers extended liberal credits to retailers, who in turn, offered to the public every commodity of life — furniture, sewing machines, pianos, clothing, jewelry, etc. — on the payment of one dollar, on the presumption that "everybody is honest". Millions upon millions of these articles were distributed to the homes of United States. This distribution, in turn, created a great demand for raw materials, which gave employment to millions of workers, store and office clerks, and in turn, created a great demand for transportation facilities, which again gave impetus to industry. Thus people worked, earned and spent; the great surplus value accumulated, was reinvested, and a chain of prosperity was created.

The sending of goods to unknown parties on approval, by mail-order houses, supports the theory of that "presumption". The banks of America, imbued with that "presumption", extended a liberal credit, almost to all comers. People with small means carried a check book and did business. Many a merchant, to catch a breathing spell, paid a debt with a I.O.U. note, which the payee accepted, deposited in the bank and which was eventually made good.

That "presumption" built up a unique purely-American psychology of mutual trust. Mot, in his early days in this

country, often wondered how people could enter a drug store to wait for a street car; how people could go into the big stores "just looking around", without buying anything. He noticed that some big stores had signs in their windows, inviting the public to use their store as a short cut to another street; that people go into hotels, sit around, or perhaps write a letter using the hotel stationery without being questioned. He remembered the free lunch counter in saloons. All this was done on the "presumption that everybody is honest". It made it possible for 48 states to live under one flag in friendship. In Europe, lacking the American "honesty presumption" psychology, such customs were impossible, and that is precisely why Europeans are always armed to the teeth, because they consider each other dishonest.

A written or a verbal agreement, based on mutual promises is good only as long as the parties of the agreement presume each other to be honest. It then dawned on Mot, that the whole theory of a Free Society with the possibility of individual liberty can exist only on the presumption that the other fellow is honest. . . .

As a whole, Mot found the study of law very interesting, but he did not like Common Law very well. Based mostly on precedent, it contains remnants of the Feudal System and is in a good many instances cruel.

The Law of Equity, however, captured Mot's fancy. He fell in love with its thirteen splendid Maxims, such as: "Equity will not suffer a wrong, to be without a remedy"; or, "He who comes into Equity, must come with clean hands"; or, "Equality is Equity — Equity is delighted in Equality . . ."

In his enthusiasm he often mused, that if Equity would be adopted universally, it would be the finest guide for

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human conduct and could act as arbitration guide to adjust differences between people and nations. Even under Anarchism, although the comrades were opposed to any organized, constituted government and laws, yet, owing to the absence of human infallibility, there must be a medium of adjustment for people in disputes.

The Dean, a tall, energetic man, still in the "teens" of his legal profession, began to build a law school with very limited financial means and with meager practical knowledge; yet, he had succeeded in establishing one of the finest law schools in America. He was a 100% American "go getter" type. Invariably, during his lecture, he would stop suddenly and holding his finger in the book to mark the place, he would announce: "And by the way, tonight is tuition night . . ."

The faculty consisted of lawyers of high standing, who knew that there were poor workingmen, seeking to obtain a legal education after a hard day's work. They were liberal and considerate, yet strict. One Professor, who was teaching "Bills, Notes and Negotiable Instruments", always commenced his lecture with a good story and the class was in "stitches for a while"; another, gave his lecture in a low voice, to keep the "boys" quiet. One Professor spoke in a deep bass voice, he taught Criminal Law; during his semester period Mot saw him smile ones, that was when Mr. P., Mot's school mate, used the word "moksie" instead of "High Sea" in regard to the three-mile limit jurisdiction, while the class was roaring with laughter. Mr. Snyder, a venerable old gentleman, an ex-Minister, set under the winding staircase, collecting tuition, counted the money several times before he handed the receipt. Last but not least, the recorder a prominent attorney, a man with an abundance of kindness, marked and gave out the marked home-work

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problems. He always apologised to the one who received a poor mark, encouraging and asking him to try better next time; but to the man with a 100 mark he said, stretching out his hand, "Well, congratulations! That's fine! Keep up the good work."

The four years of law study passed quickly, and in 1919 Mot was presented with a degree of L.L.B. and a diploma on which it said in fancy script: *HONESTAS ET DILIGENTIA*. However, during those four years he had succeeded in building up a clientele in his insurance business and he decided to stay in it. But those years were not wasted for Mot nevertheless. He had broadened his mind to see life and events in a different light, not through rose-colored glasses, but practically and realistically.

CHAPTER XX

THE BOLSHEVIKS AND ANTI-SEMITES

In 1917, a year before the Armistice, Russia concluded a separate peace with Germany, which was actuated by the pressure of the revolutionary forces in Russia, and soon after, the Czar was forced to abdicate.

Two forms of government followed. First, Millukoff's, and soon after, Kerensky's. These governments were overthrown in quick succession by the Bolsheviks organization, headed by Nicolai Lenin. The Romanoff dynasty, which had ruled for centuries, together with its nobility, was completely wiped out. Private enterprise and capitalism was abolished and the dictatorship of the proletariat (whatever that may mean) was proclaimed.

Drunk with enthusiasm, inspired with the hopes of a new free Russia, thousands of native-born Russian flocked back, only to be bitterly disappointed. They found that together with everything else, civil rights and freedom had also been abolished. At the same time, those emigrants who remained abroad, threw themselves upon their respective countries with a fanatical enthusiasm to convert the population to Bolshevism.

They became both a menace and a nuisance. They found plenty of listeners, mostly among those who were formerly oppressed by the old Russian regime. However, there were also Bolshevik agitators, who received their salaries and instructions from Moscow, who began an active campaign of destruction. They inaugurated a form of intellectual vandalism; they systematically disturbed every

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meeting or forum, wherever they happened to be. Their first prey were the trade unions, which they attempted to capture by boring into them from without, organizing rival unions and creating every kind of unreasonable trouble in the shops. Those methods failed; their unions did not last very long, and they renewed their destructive methods by boring from within. They created scandals at the meetings of the labor organizations, seeding dissemination, and often used terror and violence against those who would not follow their lead. They became absolutely void of intellectual honesty. Their publications contained mostly slur. At last, they met their Waterloo when they attempted to capture or destroy the "Workmen's Circle", a splendid organization of fraternal character, which has for its purpose the education of its members to a liberal conception of life. There are nearly a 100,000 members throughout the United States in over 700 branches belonging to the Order, whose main office is located in New York.

The Workmen's Circle gave the Bolsheviks a fight for their lives and stopped them. Since then, they have been on the wane.

It is astonishing, that they have had the audacity to offer Bolshevism to this country, which has been proven a complete failure in Russia; there is neither Capitalism nor Socialism, yet they call it a Socialist Republic. They proved the erroneous theory of Marx and Engels, that by abolishing capitalism, socialism will take place. What they have there, is government ownership, exploited by their commissars. But that is not socialism, since socialism and dictatorship do not blend.

Every demagogue seeking power, who wants to start something in the way of agitation, has to have some pretence, based on some historical value, out of which "capital"

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has been made before. He usually offers it to the new generation, which is not yet fully aware of its futility. Hitler started with Jew hatred, anti-Semitism. It was tried many centuries before. It failed. So will the Nazis. They know it. They must have a different gag, and so now it is communism. They want to save the world from it. But that's a fake, too. There is no communism in Russia, or elsewhere. Stalin himself — whatever his plans may be — is trying his best to get rid of all the former Bolshevik radicals, and surely the mighty dictator of Russia, who beat Robespierre by a great margin in executions, he surely does not need communism. There is not the slightest danger of Bolshevism in this country.

At the outset, about fifteen years ago, the communist agitation was started with the old phrases and, as usual, the youth, always hungry and eager for something new, swallowed communism — hook, line and sinker. But they are already fed up with it and the movement is not so "hot". It is dying out little by little and there is no fear of danger there. The party now consists of intellectual drifters, always looking for a "raft", and some pinks among the "aristocracy", who like to show a different color. This sort of Bolshevik, may be discarded as any source of danger. It may occasionally flare up like smoldering brand after a fire, but they end with smoke. . . .

Professional Jew-haters, in order to gain converts and focus attention, have spread the rumor that the Jews are all Bolshevik or Communists. This is far from the truth, since proportionally, there are no more communists among the Jews than among other nationalities.

A very small percentage of organized Jewish labor is communistically inclined and the same can be said of the Jewish population in general. The Jewish communist daily,

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published in New York, could have not existed one day had it not been financially supported by Moscow. The throwing of Bolsheviks into the lap of the Jews, is a cunning scheme of demagogues, carried on for the treacherous purpose of discrediting the Jews.

The most dangerous demagogue in any country is an anti-Semite.

What do his actual activities consist of?

He builds up a pretence based on a falsehood. He blames the Jew for economic depression, knowing very well that it is not true. The Jew was instrumental in building up prosperity in commerce, industry and education in every country wherever there was a substantial number of Jewish inhabitants. History is full of facts to prove it.

After the anti-Semite has poured out all sorts of false accusations, he gathers the scum, the lowest kind of human creatures, intoxicates them and incites them to pillage, rob and kill Jews, inspiring the ignorant mass with the assurance, that God and their country is behind their violence.

There is always an element of this kind on hand, willing to kill, to obtain something for nothing. This element always responds promptly, for this purpose, to the call of a demagogue. Then the pogrom, rioting and pillage, incited by the demagogue, takes place. Homes are burnt, stores are looted, men are injured and killed, women are raped. When the task of the anti-Semitic demagogue is accomplished, then what? What happens when the wholesale murder and robbery is over? Is that city or town benefited thereby? No country can be enriched by murder and robbery, where property and business are destroyed. Nothing but misery will follow; the aftermath is sorrow for the victims and perhaps also for the perpetrators.

The story of the persecution of the Jews is very old.

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According to the Jewish historian, Prof. H. Gratz, the persecution of the Jew began about 1015 B. C. and continued periodically until the present time. The Romans and their outrages upon the Jews, the Crusades, the Spanish Inquisitions, the Russian pogroms, the Nazi barbarism, these are records to bring horror, repugnance, and disgrace to humanity. The Jewish race is still living and prospering, yet they do not use the best weapons of murder and destruction in their fight for survival. With their religious and national unity and continuous use of ingenious mode of living, they always reestablish themselves in communities, stronger than ever. In their struggle for existence, they always come out as winners — proof that the fittest survive. Perhaps it is their blessing — Mot occasionally mused — that they are strewn al over the globe, and yet they act as a religious and racial unit, triumphant over their enemies.

Mot was not religiously inclined, nor did he ever take part in the Jewish nationalist movement. To him patriotism, as it is preached and propagated by demagogues, was always a gag — another scheme for a selfish gain. Yet, regardless of his atheistic and anti-chauvinist tendencies, Mot believed it natural and rational for one to love and cherish one's land, his place of birth, because of habit and natural attachment. Somewhere in his inner self, there was a steady glow and warm glimmer towards the religious philosophy and nationalistic psychology.

These feeling were brought out in Mot by the dreadful, merciless atrocities perpetrated upon the defenceless Jews in Germany, Poland and elsewhere in Europe, by the Nazi gang.

Are the German people responsible for the actions of their government? Ordinarily, it may be said that no nation or a people can be held responsible for the action of its

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government. Yet, be that as it may, there are exceptions to the rule. Since every human being is liable for his actions in feissance and misfeissance, so is a people, whose actions may be judged by its moral attitude, in certain given cases at certain times.

It may reasonably be said, that a people of millions cannot be brought to the bar of justice to be tried for the deeds of its government and, yet, there seems to be a moral responsibility resting upon a people as a whole. Hence Germany, or any other nation in a similar case, may be held liable for its attitude towards its existing, and more so, towards its impending, government.

The Nazi regime did not suddenly descend upon Germany like a swarm of insects upon a field. It was organized and grew in full view of the German people.

Hitler did not sneak in upon the people at night to perpetrate his crimes like a common criminal. He openly, publicly, in print as well as by his harrangue, announced his intended crimes; and it seems that the people in Germany as a whole — with some exceptions — have accepted his theory to obtain world-domination by murder and plunder, as long as German people will benefit thereby. The indications for this reasoning lie in the cunningly-designed program of Nazism, which the German people accepted. Hitler promised the extermination of radicalism and enlightenment, which found the approval of the clergy. Bon fires made in the streets of Berlin; clouds of smoke went up through the burning of books containing Literature, Science and Art — human culture procured through centuries of human endeavor. This diabolical crime was carried out in the presence of the people who stood by without a murmur or utter of protest. Instead, they yelled "Heil Hitler!"

He promised the wealthy class the extermination of

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Trade Unionism. This was to the liking of the industrialists, avowed enemies of organized labor. The arch-criminal, Hitler, and his gang imprisoned every known friend of labor, tortured and murdered them in the concentration camps.

Hitler promised the middleclass of Germany the extermination of Jews. This was quite agreeable to the German storekeeper, the doctor, lawyer, dentist, and other professionals — of which the Jews were proportionally numerous — who thought that they would be economically benefited thereby. This promise, the barbarous Nazis carried out with a super-satanic method. Jews were burned alive in their synagogues while worshipping. The women were dragged by their hair through the streets to some obscure section, where they were raped and then murdered.*

Who were those storm-troopers who burned synagogues with worshipers in them, who raped and murdered women, and kidnapped children? Were they not of the German people? Who were the civilians in Germany who grabbed the property of the Jews after they had been brutally murdered or driven from the land? Were they not Germans?

Are the officers and the millions of soldiers not to be considered as Germans, who were so abominably brutal, merciless and atrocious towards the civilians in conquered lands, not only to Jews, but to Christians as well.

Did Hitler bring his barbaric military organization from Mars?

Had the German been void of junkerism, of which nazism is but a continuation in a different uniform; had the German people organized in a mighty protest, in a united resistance against the arch-criminal Hitler, when Hinden-

* This was related to Mot by an eye witness in the streets of Berlin — a refugee who came to this country.

The Bolsheviks and Anti-Semites

burg placed the destiny of the German people in Hitler's power, this world-catastrophe would never have taken place.

The German people stand indicted before the world, responsible for their acquiescence to the establishment of an outlaw-criminal administration as their government. The verdict of civilized peoples of the world will be: *Guilty as accessories to the fact*. After the Axis combination is completely destroyed, the stolen property of the robbed should be restored to their rightful owners. There must not be a German organized central power in Europe. Germany must be split up into various provinces, with an International Commission to watch over them, so that they cannot again become a military power. Only thus will we avoid a repetition of a third world-catastrophe.

CHAPTER XXI

THE NEW DEAL

Mot was actively engaged in the business of life insurance, when he was graduated from Law School and received his degree of L.L.B. He had neither the intention nor the desire to start a law practice at that time. He made a comfortable living and was satisfied to remain in the insurance business.

America, at that time, was reaping the harvest of a great prosperity. Business was good everywhere. People bought insurance freely. The stock market was "sky high". Money and credit was plentiful.

Owing to the very liberal credit extended by the Banks at that time, a great real estate boom developed in the country. Fabulous prices were paid in purchase of worthless real estate, both for shanties to be torn down and swamp lots for new houses to be built. Dwelling houses were sold several times in one week. A small payment was necessary, enough for the agent to get his commission, and what was left went to the seller. The rest was covered by a promissory note to run as a second mortgage, which the bank freely accepted as a deposit and credited to the seller's account. Ownership of real estate changed hands so fast and so often, that the Registry of Deeds in the several counties were overcrowded with buyers, sellers, agents and the conveyancers who looked up and examined the titles.

Mot's friends and policy-holders, who were actively engaged in buying and selling real estate, insisted that he examine their titles and put their deals through. That gave

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Mot an additional profession and income for a while. Even though the boom did not last long, nevertheless, Mot did not escape the contamination of that real estate "plague". One of his clients, who bought a "three decker" with a partner and intended to get rid of him, induced Mot to buy the property. The client advanced \$500.00 to Mot, which was to be paid to his partner as the half share of the profits. Thus Mot became the landlord of two tenants and occupied one flat himself with his family. The rapid change of ownership in the fast real estate barter, was due to the inducement of raising rent. Tenants who were paying from \$30 to \$50 dollars a month rent, found themselves — within a short period — paying \$80 to \$90, and often over \$100 rent per month for the same tenement.

The woman who occupied the lower flat, came up one day and said to Mot:

— "Mr. S., will you do me a favor?"

— "Yes, what is it, Mrs. G.?"

— "It's already six months since you bought this house and you have not yet raised my rent. Other houses have since been sold several times and the rent raised every time by the new owner. I know you can get more rent for my flat, as there are many tenants after it, so I want you to do me a favor and raise my rent five dollar a month. This is all I am able to pay. Will you please do this for me?"

Mot looked at her in astonishment, but accepted her offer. As he was "induced" to buy the house and "induced" to raise the rent, so also was he "induced" to sell it. The real estate agents gave him no peace; they haunted him in the house, in the office and even on the street with customers and "splendid offers". One time his house bell rang at midnight. Mot quickly dressed and ran down the steps, think-

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ing there was something of great importance. On opening the door, he found a real estate agent who said he had a customer for the house, who would pay a very good price. He mentioned the amount, which was several thousand dollars more than Mot had paid for it.

— “But why wake me up in the middle of the night?” Mot protested indignantly.

— “Well, you see, I know another man is coming to see you in the morning with a customer, so I thought I’ll head him off that way. You know, one has to attend to his business . . . and there is no better time than now. What do you say, do you want to sell your house? My man is willing to buy it!”

Mot closed the door and went back to sleep. But that “Midnight Agent” did not fail to come to Mot’s office in the morning and several times again until Mot was “forced” to sell and get out of his real estate business.

This great epidemic prosperity boom, lasted about six years, mostly during Calvin Coolidge’s administration. Then it collapsed. It collapsed on that dreadful black Friday, when the Stock Exchange crashed. Millions of people with fortunes invested in stock, suddenly became penniless and the whole structure of prosperity began to crumble as in an earthquake. The banks quickly curtailed credit and that ended the real estate boom. This tightening of credits greatly affected manufacturers and retail business. Shops began to close, bankruptcies began to spread among the retailers, the tide of unemployment began to rise. Banks closed rapidly, taking with them the savings of the people. A panicky depression came upon the American people, like heavy clouds threatening a terrible storm. Millions of families began to feel the pangs of hunger, with the “wolf at their door”. Big cities and municipalities were unable not

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only to give relief to the hungry masses, but to pay the salaries to their employees. From a great prosperity America emerged into bread lines. There was no hope in sight.

Herbert Hoover, then in the administration at Washington, was unable to make any suggestions to relieve the horrible state of affairs. He could only tell the people in his speeches, that "prosperity was around the corner and will soon show up".

Indeed, there was relief "around the corner", but unfortunately he did not know how to bring it about. Destiny sent to the American people the saviour, the Man of the Hour, who had the desire and knew how to do it. At the very peak of the terrible depression, when things looked utterly helpless, in 1932, the people decided to retire Mr. Hoover to private life and elected Franklin D. Roosevelt as President. He has proved himself to be the greatest Administrator the United States has ever had.

Peoples everywhere, at all times, are governed by custom. Conservative people, especially, cling to the old ways, they follow precedents. The customary way of the conservatives has always been not to do anything new.

In 1933, when Mr. Roosevelt took office as President, the very first thing he did was to declare a "Bank Holiday". He closed every bank in the country, to save what funds there were left in the banks, and did not allow them to re-open until they could prove that they were solvent. Deposits were to be insured by the Federal Government against possible future losses of people's savings.

This very first step by the President towards safety, was greatly criticised by the conservatives. "The idea! No president ever done such thing before . . . why should he meddle in the business of the banks . . . ?"

The conservatives in the Republican party never per-

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mitted a President to concern himself with the condition or welfare of the people, of the masses. In fact, they would not nominate or elect such a man. Their ideal type for a President is the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover type. Their conception of a President is a man who does nothing else but sign the papers they lay before him.

There was a New Deal to be inaugurated by the new President and there were other bitter pills in store for the conservatives to swallow. Roosevelt undoubtedly sensed that in further pursuing his New Deal program, the conservatives would become panicky, grab their bags of gold and run with it to foreign countries. To prevent this, he called in all the gold, none was to be circulated and none was to leave this country. Again the conservatives yelled. But there was lots of yelling yet to come.

Having secured the monetary situation, he turned to see what could be done for the hungry unemployed. He could give them the dole, or he could give them work, to earn their incomes. He chose the latter as more honorable and practical. At the request of the President, billions of dollars were then appropriated by the Congress and the Emergency Relief Administration (ERA) was organized. Thousands of projects were started for various activities. Everywhere, throughout the land, people began to earn; money began to flow into the arteries of the social structure.

Because of the depression, which came so quickly and unexpectedly, home owners who had lost their small savings in closed banks, were unable to pay their mortgage obligations and began to lose their homes by foreclosure. Both the farmers and the workers were in a desperate situation. The New Deal quickly came to the rescue, by establishing the Home Owners' Loan Corporation. This organization took over the mortgages of home owners from the banks,

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giving the owner a breathing spell. The conservative Republicans found fault with each measure of relief given to the prostrated people by the New Deal, and they told the people that the New Deal was going to ruin this country.

But the worst was yet to come. President Roosevelt proclaimed the right of the workers for collective bargaining; in other words, the worker had the right to demand a fair day's pay for a fair day's work, by mutual aid of organized labor. That pill was very, very hard to swallow for the Captains of Industry. No President of the United States had ever spoken such words before. A storm of protest came from the enemies of the New Deal. It was quite natural for them to feel that way.

Their traditional conception of relations between Capital and Labor was the inherited Bourbon idea that the worker should be grateful for the work he gets, regardless of the price for his labor. To them it was sacrilege, a moral crime for a President to say that a worker has as much right in society as an employer. They had never before been told by a White House Executive that in a democratic society, a worker has the same right to make his price for his toil, as the employer to make his price for his product.

They were accustomed to the usual procedure. In order to compete in the market to sell their product, they cut the worker's pay. If he protested and went out on strike, strike-breakers were hired and paid twice as much for doing nothing, in order to starve the strikers into submission. Then injunctions against picketing were procured, which the courts were glad to issue. (The father of the injunctions was the late President Taft). Strikers were arrested and thrown into jail. Ruffians were hired to beat up the strikers and even to beat up the strike-breakers, in order to blame the strikers, for more arrests. These conditions

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prevailed between capital and labor for many years. There was continuous hatred, continuous war between capital and labor.

The New Deal administration sought to remedy this, too, by the establishment of the National Recovery Administration (N.R.A.). The manufacturers were requested to get together and establish a code of prices on products; to establish clean competition and do away with cut-throat competition and "chiselers", as the President named them.

This bitter pill was too hard for the conservatives to take. The Supreme Court came to their rescue and declared the N.R.A. unconstitutional, which relieved the conservatives who rejoiced that the New Deal had received a setback.

The worst condemnation of the President by the conservatives took place when he decided to reorganize the Supreme Court. He was then unanimously declared by the conservative press to be the "enemy of the people". A whispering campaign was launched that the President was ill. Some went so far as to suggest impeachment for the Champion of the New Deal. . . .

The four years of New Deal administration was expiring. The Presidential campaign was fought bitterly by the conservatives. The President's arch-enemies published disgusting articles filled with shameful accusations. The President treated his enemies in a dignified manner and promised even more drastic reforms, if elected.

The people upheld Franklin Delano Roosevelt. He was elected almost by acclamation. He carried 46 states out of the 48 — the largest presidential vote that any candidate ever carried in the United States.

He promptly proceeded to carry on his New Deal, as he had promised, and unquestionably proved himself to be

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not merely a figur head, a puppet for the privileged, but an administrator for the welfare of the whole nation, particularly a champion for the under-privileged, for the "forgotten man".

Every legislation that he proposed to the Congress contained the earmarks of progressive thought and humanitarian tendency, aiming always to improve the existing social conditions of the people, regardless of the fact that it was contrary to prevailing customs and former precedents.

If all the reforms that the President, the champion of the "New Deal", introduced into the life of the American people will ever be forgotten, one legislative act alone will live forever — the Social Security Act, providing an income for men and women in their declining years, when they are no more able to work and provide for themselves.

To provide employment for over fifteen million people, Roosevelt established the National Emergency Relief Administration (N.E.R.A.), which was later changed to Work Progress Administration (W.P.A.), which created projects in every section of the U. S. A., to provide work for the unemployed. Each state, county, city or town, created its own projects, while the federal government supplied the funds to pay the workers. At the request of President Roosevelt, billions of dollars were appropriated by Congress for that purpose.

There were numerous projects which had to do with building highways, laying sewers, erecting public buildings and dams; various agricultural projects, and projects for both skilled and unskilled labor and white collar workers. The wealthy did not approve of the projects, preferring to dispense charity. And yet, as a result of the W.P.A. efforts, great fortunes rolled into the coffers of the rich, from the billions circulating in the United States. Nevertheless, they

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were against it, because it was "The New Deal".

The Civilian Conservation Corps (C.C.C.), took idle youth off the streets and placed them in camps where they performed useful work in the fresh air and spent their leisure time in a healthy social atmosphere.

One of the many useful projects was the Federal Housing Administration (F.H.A.). After 18 months of idleness, Mot was assigned a job as field instructor on the F.H.A. project. The F.H.A. had a triple purpose: First, to improve property; second, to create work for the unemployed; third, to put money into circulation. Thousands of white collar workers were appointed as field instructors. Their function was to go from house to house, persuading owners to repair, improve, or modernize their properties. Loans were extended for that purpose up to \$2,000 for each house, and in special cases up to \$5,000, to those who had no money. These loans were advanced by the local banks. Each sum was insured by the Federal Government up to 80%.

In one of his speeches the President stated that capital is essential, and that reasonable earnings on capital are essential. However, he emphatically insisted, that the "misuse of the powers of capital, or selfish suspension of the employment of capital, must be ended, or the capitalistic system will destroy itself through its own abuse . . ."

The local banks had pledged themselves to co-operate with the F.H.A., but as in many other instances, they double crossed the administration and "stabbed it in the back", because it was the New Deal. This was regardless of the fact that the administration paid its workers for finding for the banks bonafide customers, whom they charged 5½% on loans they were to advance, and which loans were insured by the administration up to 80%.

Mot, as an employee of the F.H.A. project, knew of

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facts, where the banks, not only maliciously disqualified and refused applicants loans they applied for, but used every means to discourage home owners to do any work on their houses. In some cases applicants were threatened with foreclosure or other annoyance if they "bothered" with borrowing money to repair their property. Out of twelve banks pledging their support, only two banks remained loyal in Boston to the F.H.A. and did their best to help the cause along.

But the banks were not the only enemies of the New Deal. Many property owners refused to repair or modernize their property, regardless of its condition, simply because it would be done through the Administration. Many a house owner replied to Mot's canvass: "Oh, you are from the New Deal clique. Well, we don't want to have anything to do with them, or with you," and slammed the door in his face. But the majority of the people, mostly of the working class, responded sympathetically and were quite willing to co-operate with the F.H.A. Hence, several hundred thousand workers were employed thereby and millions of dollars went into circulation. Many other projects closed after a certain period, but the F.H.A. still operates. Through its agency, people with meager financial means are able to build and own homes.

CHAPTER XXII

W. P. A. PROJECTS

Mot was observant, while working on the W.P.A., and as he was occasionally transferred to different projects, he was able to study its nature, by observing the doings on the particular projects on which he was employed. One project, in particular, made a peculiar impression on Mot.

The project greatly resembled Andersen's fairy tale *The King's New Robes*, in which two fakirs, representing themselves as expert tailors, undertook to make a robe for the King, such as no King had ever wore, or would ever wear. Although they pretended to work, by going through the motions, no robes materialized.

This Boston library project employed nearly a thousand people, men and women. Mot worked there a whole year. When he came to work, the project was already five years old and nothing was accomplished. If a visitor dropped in, he would find a mass of people — on each floor — very busily engaged. The same work was done over and over again. Then part of it was stored and the rest was thrown into the waste barrel. Later, the work that was stored away, was also disposed of in similar fashion. To make the whole set up appear important, the discipline carried out by the superior resembled that of a penal institution. To Mot it was pure farce.

In one loft, for instance, were seated about 300 men and women, two at a table, busily engaged at their work. Silence prevailed. At the head of the loft, at the desk, was the assistant director, Mr. Ganzer, watching. Sometimes he

would stand up and eye everybody sharply. In back of the vast room, stood a line of supervisors, each one watching his line of tables, but no sooner had the "boss" turned his back, than rubber bands would begin to fly in all directions. Between the tables, up and down the aisles, a pretty sauntered young woman promenaded, continually smiling. Mot could not make out the reason for that peculiar performance.

The bell rang sixteen times a day; on pay day, eighteen times. Each time the bell rang, there was a commotion, and when it rang again, the noise died down gradually. It rang once in the morning, to indicate that work was to begin. Later it rang twice, to open and close the windows; then twice for recess; twice before and after lunch. The same thing was repeated in the afternoon. When the bell rang to quit work, no one was allowed to rise without permission of the assistant director. The workers had to file out in single lines and goose step. Mot, after a year of this, acquired the instinct of a fire-horse. Wherever he heard a bell, he jumped to his feet.

Mr. Ganzer was an expert at carrying on this farce, but he soon tired of it and the authorities got rid of him, appointing a woman, Miss Blackman, in his place. She proved to be a greater "master" at it and in addition was also a tyrant.

She began by bringing with her two girls, who were supposed to be her secretaries. They sat at the typewriter doing nothing but spying on the workers and reporting to her. The victims were then sent "upstairs" for a "cleaning", and were eventually handed a "403", a pink discharge slip. The new assistant director once fired a girl because she wore socks instead of stockings. There was even a romance on the project. This woman assistant director was jealous of a tall, handsome woman with platinum hair, because a cer-

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tain man in the room paid attention to her. However, the "lady boss" liked that man and could not stand his interest in the other woman, so she had her fired for "insurbordination". But the platinum-haired one beat her to it and the next Monday morning she was back to work. On another occasion, the woman superior fired a man who refused to tell her what he was doing in the men's room. She suspected him of smoking there.

The men's room, by the way, was the Mecca of "wise men", a daily forum. There were debates on all the national sports by "experts". Various scientific, social, political, and economic problems were thrashed out. It was also an information bureau of all important happenings of the day.

The personnel of that project greatly resembled the personnel of Maxim Gorky's drama *On the Bottom*. Cosmopolitan in its cast, there were "briefless barristers", lawyers who had to close their offices during the depression, physicians, unfortunate musicians, magicians, and jobless singers, actors who forgot their "lines", a professor, a lecturer, a famous bootlegger, a count, a Russian general, a retired admiral, and a number of active communists. A one time wealthy woman came to work hung with trinkets from Woolworth's. Another lady was reputed to have been a professional lion tamer.

There was a chief janitor, who had eight assistants, and they in turn had eight assistants. There was a paper cup distributor, who had an assistant, who counted the tables every day. On the whole, the project and personnel looked like a concentration camp, and as if the people there were kept for some unknown reason, with "Much Ado about Nothing". A host of supervisors were busy, going here and there, issuing new orders and regulations every other day —

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accomplishing nothing.

Mot worked on various projects during his employment on the W.P.A., being frequently transferred to other projects for one purpose or another.

Every project had a name of importance; the object was rather beneficial for its purpose, but none of these projects accomplished anything. There was lots of fuss, much commotion without results.

The reason for all this futility was obvious. None of the projects were supervised by specialists, or one who knew well at least the nature of the project. Invariably, a supervisor on a new project was appointed by a politician friend, or through his efforts. People were appointed to posts with utter disregard to fitness, knowledge or experience necessary for the job on hand. Invariably a supervisor would refuse to admit his ignorance on some points of action, to a worker who happened to know the answer. Instead, the worker who would dare to suggest a practical working plan was fired by the supervisor for "insubordination".

Here are a few illustrations.

Mot worked on a "Syphilis and Skin Disease Investigation Survey". The purpose of this project was to make a survey of the existing syphilis cases, treated in the City Hospital and other hospitals in the Metropolitan districts. Thousands of records had to be analyzed as to the chief complaint of the diseased patient from the first visit to the hospital, the various lesions, symptoms, its stages, the kind of treatments administered, the serums used in treatments, classification of the reactions, effective or allergic conditions after the intravenous or intramuscular injections, etc.

All this data had to be tabulated, charts had to be drawn classifying the disease among men, women and children; their ages, the various races; whether the disease was

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caught by infection or whether it was congenital.

Such a highly scientific survey required experienced physicians to direct the work of record analysis and tabulation. As usual, although the supervisor was not ignorant, yet she knew practically nothing about the theory of this dangerous disease. However, there were two physicians on the project who had had considerable experience in the past with skin diseases and syphilis; but the supervisor would not permit these physicians to make any suggestions as to the procedure of this scientific survey. The result was — nothing accomplished.

Mot's part on this project was to translate into English articles from foreign publications, dealing with special and peculiar cases of syphilis in various clinics in other countries. The supervisor, to show her authority, insisted on editing those articles, with no knowledge of any foreign language. She even forbade Mot to place his name under the translated article, for reasons best known to herself. When that project closed, there was nothing left to show for a survey that took several years of effort and great expense.

Another project on which Mot worked, was called "The City Planning Project". As usual, the purpose was a good one. It was to make a graphic record of all the lots and houses in the city, detailing locations, amount of land, the dimensions of the houses on the particular lot accompanied by a drawing and its bounds — a complete history of every piece of real estate property in the city. Several hundred workers were employed, with a host of supervisors, foremen, assistants, spies, spotters, etc. At the end, there was nothing. All the drawings and information gathered went with the rest into the incinerators.

Mot was assigned to a "Fire Department Project". The purpose of that project was to visit all dwelling houses, fac-

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tories and business establishments to ascertain locations of stairs leading to floors, elevators, fire escapes, skylights, fire alarms, sprinklers, locations of water mains, and hydrants on the streets. The workers were to report the location, distance from the adjacent building, number of hydrant, high or low pressure, etc.

The amusing thing to Mot was, that the same hydrant was visited regularly several times during the month, apparently to make sure that the hydrant did not walk off. The result of that project was the same as of other projects of similar character. Hundreds of maps, drawings, reports and data went to the dumps. To be sure, the City Fire Department officially had no direct connection with the project.

Mot was once engaged on a "Medical Library Project". Its purpose was a very useful one: To centralize a cataloguing system, which would enable any physician or student to locate a desired medical book without searching through all the medical institutions to find it. This, too, was a failure. Politicians ruined it, as usual.

People were assigned to work there who knew nothing about books. Some of them had never read one. The supervisor was a former laundry worker, her assistant was her "boy friend", an unemployed plumber, and so on, down the line. Of course, the regular librarians of the respective libraries had nothing to do with the project and should not be blamed for its failure.

There were scores of other projects: A project to chase mosquitos, a project to count automobiles on the streets, an archive project, an art project, a food project and a vitamin project. All resembled Andersen's tale: *The King's New Robes*. There was also a Cemetery Project, in which the workers were told to read and note down the names and

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dates of tombstones — repeatedly day after day, from the same tombstones. Presumably, Gabriel alone knew what the purpose of that one was.

It was not only the projects that were always in a turmoil. The W.P.A. headquarters in Boston on 666 Washington Street carried the same characteristics. When an unemployed man or woman came to ask for a job, a complete history of the applicant was taken down in minute detail. Yet, many assignments for jobs were received by cultured applicants with college degrees, to work on common labor projects; and many applicants with no education were assigned to projects requiring education.

In order to settle disputes that often occurred between W.P.A. workers and supervisors, hearings were held by the so-called Appellate Division. Mr. O'Brien had the power to settle those disputes. He acted as a judge in equity, and his decision was final. He was supposed to hear the merits of the case, but it was both amusing and painful to be at one of those hearings, as the complainant at these hearings had no rights at all. He could give no testimony concerning his case, nor was he allowed to cross-examine the respondent. (In every case the respondent was the supervisor). The respondent always had witnesses to corroborate his or her testimony, whereas the complainant, a worker, had no witnesses, since no one would testify against the supervisor. Hence, the procedure of the whole "trial" was a farce, a mockery of justice. However, in such cases, the job was retained by recourse to some friendly politician.

The slogan on every project was: "It is not *what* you know. It is *whom* you know."

All this is not to disparage the Roosevelt administration. The intention of the administration was to give every willing unemployed person a chance to work and earn his

income, instead of receiving the degrading dole. But every good project was ruined by the local corrupt wardheeler, mainly for two purposes: the Democrat, to gain his political end before elections; the Republican, to give the New Deal a "black eye" and discredit the administration, by pointing out that the W.P.A. is a failure because of the existing administration. As a whole, it was the corrupt cheap politician that was ruining the progress and usefulness of the W.P.A.

Mot well understood that the projects were started in a hurry, for the purpose of giving the unemployed relief by way of work rather than the dole and that many projects were prepared without a system, tools, and materials. He knew of a project where a four-foot wall around a park took nearly two years to build, but it was done — and a fine job at that. What he could not understand was, how a project could exist for five years and accomplish nothing.

Until the depression, besides in London, Mot Segye had never worked in a shop in the United States, where he came in contact with the "mob". During four years on different projects of the W.P.A., he closely observed daily the procedure and the character of the personnel in charge. He also studied the psychology of the unemployed rank and file, and learned to know them through daily contact. In studying the unemployment problem at close range, he came to the conclusion that unemployment in the present system is incurable.

He divided the unemployed into three categories: in one were people who had lost their jobs owing to progress of machinery which made their trade obsolete, and they could not adjust themselves to anything else; in another were those who were over fifty and could get no work on that account; in the third fitted a large percentage of the

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unemployed both on the W.P.A. and off.

Some of these represent white collar workers — an element that never held a permanent job and never will. They are either born laggard and irresponsible, or became so in time. They are “drifters” even in times of greatest prosperity, usually procuring some sort of work for a day or two, just enough to earn a few dollars to “carry them over”. Then they somehow find themselves in a pool room, saloon, or on a park bench, until their money gives out and then they are once more looking for something to do. Thus they drift from one place to another, cursing and swearing at society, which owes them a living. Hating responsibility, they avoid legitimate steady work, but are out for something easy, ready to do anything but legitimate work. They are nothing, like Gorky’s tramps in Russia on the banks of the Volga.

This element has been powerfully depicted by Henrik Ibsen in his *Enemy of the People*. They are hired by the Burgomaster to break up Dr. Stockman’s meeting and to throw stones in his windows. Give them a uniform of a “brown”, “black”, or “yellow” shirt, food and shelter, a gun, and cheap liquor, and they are ready, able and willing to start any trouble — smash windows, create riots, or pogroms and shout anything that their demagogue tells them to shout. These “drifters”, this irresponsible element, is the material used by dictators everywhere to accomplish their bloody jobs, especially when there was robbing and pillaging to be done.

Unfortunately, this element is also in our own country to the extent of several millions. Mot found them in groups on every project where he worked. They are the products of the present economic system, and it was fortunate that they were kept off the streets by employment

on the W.P.A. during the years of the depression.

This third category of unemployed, unfortunate as they are, nevertheless, are the scum of society, and, regardless of prosperity or any change in economic status of society, it is against their psychology to keep a job steady. They are a chronic social malady which will always remain a problem to society.

This so called white collar hoodlum category is fostered by every corrupt politician, by every demagogue, every anti-Semitic leader, by every perverted power-seeking gang boss. They are their meat.

The corrupt politician gets them to vote several times on election day, for a cigar, a drink, or a false promise of graft; he can get them to break up voting precincts, or do any dirty political activity in their respective neighborhood.

The anti-Semitic demagogue that is looking for publicity, to start some gag, having in mind some scheme whereby he will procure some power, turns to these "white collar" loafers, to distribute their "literature", to sell their publications on the street and often to start a whispering campaign. They are also loyal members of the K. K. K. and other such, so-called, "patriotic societies" with the object of starting racial troubles as their main activity.

This element are either products of an unjust social system — a disgusted, dissatisfied, desperate, hopeless people — or they are born perverse — marred in the making.

CHAPTER XXIII

SIXTY-FIFTH MILESTONE

Mot had passed his sixty-fifth milestone. His life's journey was interesting to him. During his travels, while living in fine hotels and mingling with the so-called better class, he had a "peep" into the life of the more privileged. He learned a great deal rubbing shoulders with the less fortunate class while he was on the W.P.A. He had studied their moods and looked into their souls, and found that both rich and poor lived on their own side of the tracks. Occasionally a rich man or woman crossed over and joined the poor. There they fell on the altar of altruism, without accomplishing anything substantial. Such personalities were Luisa Michel, Kropotkin, Tolstoy, Owen, Carlo Cafiero, Alexander Herten, and others.

In a similar fashion some of the poor succeeding in crossing over to the ranks of the rich and, hungry for leisure and wealth, forgot completely the poor they had left behind them. One of Mot's neighbors was a clothing worker with a family. He was a fanatical trade unionist, who hated the boss with every cell in his being. He would rather starve than work in an open shop. Bosses of the closed shops tried their best not to have him.

Out of work a long time, he finally procured a job as house-to-house salesman of a household article and was making a comfortable living, when by some coincidence he found out that the article he was selling was made by non-union labor. He dropped the selling job, and after a while he came out of his shell, started a raincoat factory in a neigh-

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boring town — a strictly non-union shop. When he had developed his concern into a big business, the union tried to organize his workers, but he fought them tooth and nail. Under no circumstances would he employ anybody who was in sympathy with trade unionism. He is now a wealthy man, snug in his new-found riches, and he completely severed all connections with his former alliances.

Mot is now taking "stock" of his past activities. Occasionally his radical thoughts of the past flare up, particularly when he reads in the press of any injustices here or there; but only to the extent to thinking: "Well, it was always thus . . ." And then he sinks into the deep thought of analysis.

He often takes stock of the so-called progress the world has made. He finds that technically or materially there is a great gain in society as a whole; economically, there is a gain in some degree; but ethically or morally, humanity is far behind — it is bankrupt.

Over nineteen hundred years ago Jesus was crucified by the Romans for preaching an ideal. His followers, the Apostles, spread the ideal He preached, and Christianity was founded. Throughout the world, churches were erected in the name of Jesus in which His gospel was to be preached. Thereby was to be created a humanity of brotherhood — "Good will unto Men and Peace on Earth". Yet, not an inch of progress has been made in that direction. There has been war and bloodshed during the nineteen hundred years since Christ and there is war and bloodshed today — more cruel, more beastly, more barbaric than ever.

Side by side with great forward strides in education and knowledge, there is an astounding ignorance. Side by side with virtue, there is crime, vice and chicanery. The wrong-doers are not only the ignorant, but the intelligent,

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the educated, nay — the very preacher of the Gospel. What sane shepherd would ever think of bringing a wolf into his flock, to devour his sheep? And yet, a "Little Flower" priest, a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus has brought to his flock anti-Semitism, racial poison, to incite hatred, discrimination and strife. The preaching of racial hatred can destroy the whole body of American society and the whole philosophy of American institutions. The church undertook to preach the great simplicities of Christ. If a mother can stand passively by and see her child done to death, in the name of any collective comradeship, then religion has betrayed itself.

The theological conception of right and wrong began to lose its influence value among the learned people in the early part of the eighteenth century. Atheism and the materialistic conception at that time began to develop among the people of Europe. Early in the nineteenth century, Saint Simon preached the New Christianity, wherein he laid the foundation of Socialism as it was later developed by Karl Marx, Engels and others. Socialism came into the arena of human endeavor to bring about the betterment of society. It promised the world salvation, by revamping it from a capitalist system to a commonwealth of Socialism. It called the workers to unite, telling them, "You have nothing to lose but your chains".

This materialistic doctrine of human salvation first found roots in Germany. It spread throughout Europe and America, gaining tempo by leaps and bounds in the minds of people who called themselves Social Democrats. The cause was almost won. Millions of followers there and millions here sprang up by way of the ballot. The leaders counted their votes as a miser counts his coins, and finally, at the height of its success, the movement collapsed.

Today, the Socialist Party is where it began half a cen-

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tury ago. Like other political parties, it was always pregnant with the lust to capture the reins of government, the conquest of political power. Finally, in 1917, Social Democracy gave birth to the monster known as Communism.

This "ism" surpasses even the monstrosity of absolutism and oppression under the rule of the Russian Czars. It pretends to be socialistic and calls itself the "dictatorship of the proletariat", of which Marx spoke in the 60's of the last century. This monster has grown into a Frankenstein in the hands of the Socialists, and is destroying in its wake every possibility of new thought, freedom, and individual development. It is the totalitarian state of the most ruthless variety ever known in the history of mankind. It is State Socialism, with private ownership abolished, as the Social Democrats desired. Fortunately, humanity does not seem to want it. In reality, it apparently does not taste good, and the Socialists are trying to disown it.

Then came Anarchism — the Liberation Socialism — promulgated and proclaimed by Josiah Warren, Godwin, Proudhon and Bakunin, in the sixties of the past century. They were later followed by Kropotkin, Malatesta, Jean Grave, Reclus, Sebastian Fore, as well as by the American poets and philosophers Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Thoreau, Benjamin Tucker, and others.

All declared themselves in one way or another in favor of the philosophy of Anarchism, even though most of them did not call it by its name. They all agreed to the importance of the individual in preference to the importance of society. None of them paid homage to the "majority". They agreed on the conception that man is an ethical and spiritual being and not a mere product of economic or biological forces. They all denied the sanctity of the state.

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It was Jefferson who said laconically: "That government is best that governs least". He regarded every intrusion of the state into the affairs of the personal life of the individual as despotism and brutal force.

It was Thoreau who said: "That government is best which governs not at all." Emerson said: "Every actual state is corrupt. Good men must not obey laws too well. The law of self-preservation is a surer policy, than any legislation can be."

We have vivid examples how majority rule is used to support the most disgusting despotism. People are actually fooled by the popular plebiscite under which the masses were cajoled, bought and propagandized or terrorized into writing a "yes" on some ballot or another.

All philosophers in the past — like good gardeners — have advised to allowing each flower, each plant, to develop freely, in order to have a fine garden. So also must each individual develop his natural abilities to function freely and serve the best of the community for the good of society as a whole. This is Anarchism. This philosophy, needless to say, hardly took root in organized society.

Why did humanity remain indifferent to this philosophy? Why did it fail to imbue its fellows with the lofty idea of its emancipation, to free the human soul from all moral chains, to set men free from economic and political bondage?

Travelling in California, Mot once stopped in San Diego over Sunday, and hungry for something spiritual, he went to the Theosophical Temple. In that beautiful, esthetic sanctuary he heard something as follows: "That which is good is God — hence God is Good. Wherever there is kindness, sublime truth, love and beauty, therein is God. Every soul that is imbued with these qualities is perpetually

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incarnated and lives on for ever. There is beauty and God in sunshine, in the stars of heaven, in every drop of rain there is beauty and God in the lofty mountain, in the valley, field, forest and tree. God is in the fragrant flower and God is in every beautiful blade of grass.”

This religious philosophy was preached in the time of Ammonius Saccas in the third century. Its fundamental conception is, that man in his innermost nature is a spiritual being. Baruch Spinoza attempted to revive the Theosophical conception in the seventeenth century, and suffered for it. In the nineteenth century Mme. Blavatsky preached Theosophy in England and later Mrs. Katherine Thingley brought it to the United States. This beautiful religious philosophy remained within a “feeble band — a few”. Why? Why, Mot asked himself, was it not accepted and adopted at least by the intelligent portion of humanity?

He was not pessimistic. He was not without hope. He simply wondered, why humanity is making such strides forward in science, in knowledge of technical improvements, and yet is so far behind in ethical and spiritual advancement. With every stride forward in scientific discoveries and inventions, man falls back in character improvement. Mot has come to the conclusion that the nature of nearly every human being is a dual one, wherein dwell two opposing characters. Almost every human being is a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, two extremes opposing one another. One is the noble, learned, kind, delightful Dr. Jekyll; the other the treacherous, horrible, murderous, brutal, ugly Mr. Hyde. Both beings live in one person, two worlds under one roof.

The two-in-one person is constantly acting in contradiction to himself, causing a disagreeable paradox, which in turn creates the human disharmony. This double-dealing man is found in every walk of life, among rich and poor,

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intelligent and ignorant, professional and layman, regardless of race, color or nationality. Where the animal is dependable, the human being can hardly be trusted, because of his dual nature.

For instance, a boy of eleven arrived in the United States from Scotland with his poor parents to seek better opportunities for self-advancement. He procured employment at 20 cents a day. Three years later his father died and left him as the sole supporter of his mother and younger brother, earning \$12 a month. Later he became a telegraph operator at \$25 a month, then a partner to a sleeping car invention. He was the first man to build an iron bridge, the first to lay a steel rail in the United States. Finally Andrew Carnegie became the largest individual iron and steel plant owner in the world. He owned, besides the great Pittsburg iron and steel plant, the plant and town of Homestead in Pennsylvania. He owned the house in which lived the workers, and the stores in which they traded.

One day his workers struck for a bigger slice of bread. By his consent and the by request of his manager, Frick, the Governor of the State sent the constabulary to Homestead. Hundreds of strikers were brutally injured and murdered, and horses were ridden over the injured and dead bodies in the streets of Homestead. Yet, this man donated over fifty millions of dollars for libraries and institutions of learning all over the United States.

Here is a representative of thousands of his type, who have been pinched by poverty, become wealthy, and then permit the slaughter of the very workmen who helped to build his fortune. Instead of making their lot easier, and improving their standard of living, he prefers to spend a huge fortune for people to read love and detective stories. This is one type of the dual personality.

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A very wealthy man, Mr. Melon, was appointed by the President of the United States as treasurer, to take care of Uncle Sam's finances. He was benevolent enough to do it for one dollar a year. Conscientious in the performance of his duties, he clung religiously to rules and regulations, and balanced Uncle Sam's budget in a strictly legal manner. Later, when he returned to private life, he designed a cunning scheme to cheat Uncle Sam by avoiding the payment of his own income tax, which amounted to millions. He created a scandal thereby and residing in a foreign country to avoid testimony before an investigation committee. Yet, the same man donates to Uncle Sam great works of art valued at over \$15,000,000. He represents another type of the dual personality.

When the N.R.A. was inaugurated, General Johnson, a man of remarkable energy, was appointed as its administrator. It was a difficult job, but he was a hard worker. He used all the abilities at his command to carry out his work. The American press went into an uproar of indignation and protest against "government interference in business", and called the N.R.A. "treacherous", "destructive", "conspirative", "communistic", etc.

All sorts of epithets were hurled against the administrator, who nevertheless stood fast at his helm, trying to steer his N.R.A. craft against all storms and attacks, while defending the Washington Administration and the New Deal with all his energy. Then the Supreme Court declared the N.R.A. unconstitutional. Still the administrator remained loyal.

As soon as he was removed from his job, however, and was not given a new post, he turned against the New Deal with the same fire and energy as he used to defend. He blasted the New Deal in lectures, magazine articles and

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radio talks, and like a famous governor, he "took a walk". His is still another dual personality.

In Europe, there is a very big "business concern", with branches all over the world. It was always famous for its resourcefulness, strength, dignity and honor. A certain gentleman with a magic umbrella was appointed general manager of this big concern. A couple of famous gangsters threatened to rob that concern. The general manager, in the performance of his duties, immediately undertook to negotiate with the robbers and agreed to allow the outlaws to rob another, smaller concern, to save his. It is not known in the annals of civilized society that honorable people have ever negotiated in agreements of honesty with robber-gangsters and kidnapers. The very nature of their professional methods does not bear the element of honesty and decency. Within the honorable, refined, Christian, law-abiding Mr. Chamberlain lived another man — ugly, cowardly, a weakling. He represents the type of Jekyll-Hyde, who possesses both boldness and weakness.

In 1733, in the town of Etrepigny, France, Jean Meslier, a Roman Catholic priest, died at the age of fifty-five. He is one of the most singular phenomena in history. All his life he worked secretly to attack the opinions he preached and believed to be false. He left a manuscript of 366 pages, which was published and entitled: *Superstition Of All Ages*. Here he recanted the errors of his faith, and asked God's pardon for having taught a religion of superstition for thirty-three years. Voltaire expressed great admiration for him.

James Parton, the celebrated author, says:

"This work of the honest pastor is the most curious and the most powerful thing of the kind which the

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eighteenth century produced . . . Paine and Voltaire had reserves, but Jean Meslier had none. He kept nothing back; and yet, after all, the wonder is not that there should have been one clergyman who left that testimony at his death, but that all clergymen do not. True, there is a great deal more to be said about religion which I believe to be an eternal necessity of human nature, but no man has uttered the negative side of the matter with so much candor and completeness as Jean Meslier."

Let us hear Jean Meslier, speak:

"I have seen and recognized the errors, the abuses, the follies and the wickedness of men. I have hated and despised them. I did not dare say it during my life, but I will say it at least in dying, and after my death; and it is that it may be known, that I write this present memorial in order that it may serve as a witness of truth to all those who may see and read it if they chose. I carefully avoided exhorting you to bigotry, and I spoke to you as rarely as possible of our unfortunate dogmas. It was necessary that I should acquit myself as a priest of my ministry, but how often have I not suffered within myself when I was forced to preach to you those pious lies which I despised in my heart. What disdain I had for my ministry, and particularly for that superstitious Mass, and those ridiculous administrations of sacraments, especially if I was compelled to perform them with the solemnity which awakened all your piety and all your good faith. What remorse I had for exciting your credulity! A thousand times upon the point of bursting forth

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publicly, I was going to open your eyes, but a fear superior to my strength restrained me and forced me to silence until my death."

This is a confession of an honest ecclesiastic, one of the many who live a *dual* life solemnly preaching all sorts of superstitions and dogmas in their respective faiths, as if they were true, knowing all the time how absurd and false they are. These, too, are Jekylls and Hydes.

Mot knew a highly educated lawyer, Mr. Hilquit, who recently died. He was a Social Democrat and a leader of his party. He wrote considerably, advocating socialism. A good orator, he lectured very frequently. A passionate believer in the necessity for the abolition of the capitalistic system, he attacked the present economic and political system from all angles, branding the monopoly trusts as the chief causes of misery and want in the working class. He called the stock exchange "a legalized gambling and cheating institution". Yet, as a lawyer, he worked for one of the most powerful trusts in the United States — The Standard Oil Company. He was their legal defender and adviser in all their doings. After his death, while his estate was being probated, it was found that he owned a great many stocks, not only of his own trust-employer, but of various other trusts.

This is the life of a duplicity-man of his kind, in his walk of life.

During his travels in the United States, Mot often visited a friend and comrade, a wealthy and highly-educated man. He was a devoted disciple of Anarchism, lavishly contributing towards the movement and taking an active part in the daily affairs of anarchist propaganda. On one of his visits, Mot was present in his friend's office when he

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was busy on two telephones. On one he spoke with one of the comrades, inquiring about the arrangements of a benefit for an anarchist publication. At the same time, by changing receivers, he talked to a stock broker, inquiring about some stocks he owned and those on the market. He instructed his broker to buy one kind and sell another. This double conversation was going on for quite a while, interchanging between stock exchange business and anarchist propaganda. Alternately he would tell one listener to "hold the line", while he would turn to the other. That scene,, at the time caused Mot to mutter to himself "a dual capacity, a double-dealer, a duplicity man, two worlds under one roof".

The press, especially the "yellow press", creates a diabolical poisoned moral atmosphere, acting in a dual capacity. They publish conservatism on their front pages, and on the back ones they carry editorials and cartoons of so-called radical nature. It is the physiognomy of the dual-nature of the publishers.

*"A good tree cannot bring forth corrupt fruit,
Neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit;
Therefore, by their fruit ye shall know them."*

— MATTHEW

Once, on his return home from a trip, Mot found himself unwittingly almost acting in a dual capacity, as a hireling. He was met by his friend, Mr. Baxt, who informed him that a Grand Opera Company was in town, and offered him a free pass for the entire repertoire.

Two days later, Mot received in the mail a pass for the first performance. When he reached his seat on the first balcony that evening, he found a crowd of men and a few women he knew as radicals and lovers of art. The attend-

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ance that night was poor. During the first act, the tenor of the leading role sang an aria. Mot was not pleased. Both the singing and performance of the tenor was flat. He did not applaud, although the rest applauded enthusiastically, cheered and shouted the artist's name. Mr. Baxt stood on the balcony, leading the applause and the demonstration.

During the second act, a soprano sang an aria which pleased Mot immensely and he applauded enthusiastically. Although she sang with temperament and skill, no one else applauded. The donor of the free pass approached Mot after the performance and told him that the tenor was making his debut and Mot was to act as a claqueur for the tenor. The soprano was to be shunned in favor of the primadonna. That was the reason for the free pass. Mot refused to comply and received no more passes.

It is the criminal, the wrongdoer, the manipulator of mischief and evil who masquerades consciously of his duplicity. The average dual personality is not acting consciously, hypocritically. Eugene O'Neil in his drama *Strange Interlude* shows the average individual as a dual person who dares not to speak his real thought. Unlike the animal, the dual person is paradoxical in his deeds and thoughts. Of this paradox Dr. Jekyll says in his confession:

"Though so profound a double-dealer, I was in no sense a hypocrite: both sides of me were indeed earnest; I was no more myself when I laid aside restraint and plunged in shame, than when I labored in the eye of the day, at the furtherance of knowledge at the relief of sorrow and suffering with every, and both sides of my intelligence, the moral and intellectual, I thus drew steadily nearer to that truth that man is not truly one, but truly

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two. I say two, because the state of my knowledge does not pass beyond that point. Others will follow, others will outstrip me on the same lives.

“It was on the moral side and my own person, that I learned to recognize the thorough duality of man; I had learned to dwell with pleasure as a beloved day-dream, on the thought of the separation of these elements. If each, I told myself, could but be housed in separate identities, life could be relieved of all that is unbearable; the unjust might go his way, delivered from the aspiration and remorse of his more upright twin; and the just could walk steadfastly and securely on his upward path, doing the good things in which he found his pleasure and no longer exposed to disgrace and penitence by the hands of this strenuous evil. It was the curse of mankind that these polar twins should be continuously struggling.”

It is the curse of humanity that these polar twins live within the individual human being.

In his memoirs, the great pianist Paderewski, relating an incident with the famous composer Rubinstein, who had met with an unpleasant disappointment, says:

“There is something in every human creature that we must call the spirit of *perversity*. When this spirit of perversity suddenly appears, you do things which are contrary to your liking, contrary to your nature. Nobody knows why — least of all yourself. For instance, that spirit sometimes shows itself in exaggerating things, not exactly lying, but saying something which is not corresponding to the

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real truth. That same spirit will also make promises — just for the sake of being agreeable — the sort of jolly good fellow attitude — the thing you mean for a moment and forget in an hour. I have had them with the rest of mankind. I have said things which I did not like, which I did not mean, did not think.”

The most skilful performance by a dual personality in the nineteenth century was that of Azeff, the leader of the revolutionary party in Russia. He was apparently against the regime of the Czar, but actually an active member of the espionage system against the revolutionary party.

Azeff took part in the conspiracies for the assassination of high government officials, making arrangements for the deeds and supplying his party with information necessary for the perpetrating of the acts. At the same time he acted as a stool-pigeon and delivered the conspirators to the police. His masquerading as a sort of modern fifth-columnist went on for years, until finally unmasked by Vladimir Burtzeff.

Azeff admitted that his double role was wrong, that it was confusing and a crime against decency. Yet he justified his conscience by the thought that he was doing the wrong thing for the good of his party; that the purpose sanctioned the act.

The enthusiasm of the young idealist makes him desirous to convert humanity to his belief. He does not realize that he, as a dual person, is not getting anywhere. He grows impatient, desperate, and seeks the power to bring about by force the realization of his idea. He does not realize that in imposing his ideal, it will not remain permanent. Another youth, another young generation will spring up and like himself will try to convert others to newer concep-

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tions, contrary to former beliefs, with the same enthusiasm as the generation before.

Many exceptional individuals of the non-dual type have gone down in history. Many live in obscurity. Those exceptional individuals are seldom understood. They are invariably classed as "impractical fools" and "dreamers". To Mot they are what men should be — in contrast to the animal. Since they are intellectuals the example of the ideal lives they lead have no particular meaning to their contemporaries. But they are spoken of and appreciated by the future generations. This seems to be to Mot the slow method of evolutionary progress.

This process goes on in an odd seesaw manner. There are times of advancement (Dr. Jekyll) and times of reaction (Mr. Hyde).

As the alchemist worked strenuously to produce gold by mixing chemicals in vain, so does the dual-natured "idealist" labor hard and enthusiastically to bring about the Golden Rule, in vain.

Apparently, there seems to be the same dual characteristic in the procedure of the natural evolution. Side by side with creation, there is destruction. There are floods, conflagrations, earthquakes, plagues, hurricanes, and devastations wrought by insects. Life and death as twin companions travel side by side. Life always keeps abreast for the purpose of perpetuation, while death takes its tolls, lest life overflow. Man as Jekyll can guard itself against nature, but Mr. Hyde devises cunning methods of attack.

Humanity is constantly divided into opposing camps. While one is building, creating, developing, the other camp is disgracing, corrupting, destroying.

CHAPTER XXIV

SOME REVISIONS

The most important part in life to Mot now, is the pondering on it.

Christendom is divided against itself and helpless. Islam is split by schisms, the Jews are once more wondering why Jehovah does not quench the flames of burning synagogues. Even Budahism, once a great living force, exists only in the minds of a few uncouth mystics huddled fearfully in Central Asia.

Meanwhile, like the people of Israel huddled in terror on the shores of an unknown sea, men seek a new Moses to lead them into the realm of sanity, to wipe away their tears and to protect them from the cold fury of an endless array of mathematical conceptions which soar away into infinity.

Democracy, civilization's sole achievement, is tottering. In this truly cosmopolitan land, moulded into the one nationality of Americanism, Democracy is being attacked not so much from without, as from within. It is not so much menaced from foreign enemies, as by its so-called "patriots". These are the wealthy reactionaries, who hold fast to preserve a corrupt decadent system in a changing world. They enlist the services of a democratic voice to whip up the frenzy of the mob by playing upon its passions, appealing to ignorance and prejudice.

These demagogues are the trumpeters for Fascism. The great malefactors of wealth are ready to invest huge fortunes to procure a totalitarian state here, so that they

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can have the people at their mercy. *They will not get their money's worth.*

There are no liberal dictators. Liberalism knows no dictatorship. Dictators know no liberalism. Once the dictator gets into power, he uses his whip without discrimination. He keeps the people in a state of confusion, nervous, on edge; like the performer in the lion's cage, cracking the whip, firing the pistol, creating turmoil among the animals.

The reactionary capitalists have always been "penny wise and pound foolish". During a strike they refuse to pay a dollar more to the honest worker, but engage an army of strike breakers who cost them double the price asked by the strikers. Their idea is to break the union, but instead, they strengthen it. There would have been no strife between trade union and employer if the employer had not played the dual role of exploiter and philanthropist. If the Chambers of Commerce would occasionally discuss at their meetings ways and means of improving the standard of living of their employees, instead of how to squeeze and chisel their meager pay, the average union organizer would have no scope for his activities.

The European capitalists who financed Hitler and Mussolini, are finding it a poor investment. The ideology of Fascism is the same as of Communism, since Hitler and Mussolini have copied Stalin's method of government. Under the Dictatorship of the Proletariat the lot of the Russian worker is worse than that of workers in democratic lands. Hence, under Fascism, which is the dictatorship of capitalism, the capitalists, nevertheless, have not the whole power of administration and rule. The real power is the unscrupulous whim of the capricious dictator, who captures the power by mob violence.

So it is with the Socialist or the Social Democrat. He

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would cure the abuses of property by making the government the great monopolist. The Liberal would cure these same abuses by curtailing and gradually abolishing private or government monopoly. He would do this in order to achieve the widest possible distribution of property in the hands of independent individuals. To the Socialist, the function of the government is to administer property, labor and the private life of the people (as in Russia today). To the Radical the function of administration is to protect the rights of the individual in his pursuit of happiness. Among these are the ownership of property, as the liberal knows that private property for every individual is the foundation of personal independence. True and sincere liberalism is the entrance to the Golden Rule. A true liberal must abhor any and every monopolistic totalitarian state of society, it destroys the rights of the individual.

There must be made a clear distinction between private property and private or state monopoly.

Humanity has lived and still lives in the menace of war. Praying for peace does not seem to have changed circumstances. The peace societies in all civilized countries seem to have accomplished nothing to avoid the slaughter of human beings and destruction of property. The underlying reason for war is the manufacture of armaments. Like the dry goods or shoe manufacturers, the manufacturers of armaments send their salesmen and agents out, like Zaharoff and others, to sell their wares to the nations. Through intrigue and provocation they succeed in creating causes for war and then there is a demand for the implements of war, and the manufacturers deliver the goods.

Undershaft, in Bernard Shaw's drama, *Major Barbara*, makes the point well :

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Cousins — What on earth is the true faith of an armoured man ?

Undershaft — To give arms to all men, who offer an honest price for them, without respect for person or principles: to aristocrat and republican, to nihilist or czar, to capitalist or socialist, to protestant and catholic, to burglar and policeman, to black man, white man and yellow man, to all sorts and conditions, all nationalities, all faiths, all causes, all crimes.

The slogan of the armoured man is "God gave the hand, let not man withhold the sword."

The armoured man will finance and provide arms to brigand, general, insurgent, dictator, or would-be ruler, so they create trouble and cause others to buy arms for defense. The armoured man must have profit on his investment and the stockholder his dividends. Hence there follows the creation of a market for arms. "Peace shall not prevail, save with a sword in her hands . . ."

In recent years, Mot examined his ideal and found considerable errors in it. He found that humanity as a whole is conservative and cannot be radical. Even the radical person is conservative in his radicalism. Parties do not run a government, but strong individuals do. Parties are simply labels. A Socialist or Laborite politician is no better or worse than a Republican or Democrat. Abraham Lincoln would still be immortal as a great humanitarian and abolitionist, regardless of his party affiliations. The world acclaims F. D. Roosevelt an able administrator not because he is a Democrat.

The radicals in the past have advocated, and still do today, the abolition of private property. Perhaps what they

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mean instead, is the abolition of private *monopoly* of property for human usage. Private property is the greatest inducement in human life and a natural necessity. A person must have his own home, his own strip of soile. It must be his. One of the most primitive instinct of man is to feel and call his own that which he procured either by discovery, invention, or hard work. The man in the gutter is the one who possesses nothing and cares not.

The usage of the phrase "to abolish private property" may have served as a scarecrow to some thinkers, who have failed to look a little deeper into the Anarchist philosophy. They would have found it an error of expression. To Mot it seemed the thought of *monopoly* property was confused with the thought of private property.

A distinct difference between individual privately used property and individual or state *monopoly* of property must be made. Railroads, rivers, mines, oil fields, forests, seas, and such other natural resources should be collective property. The error of the Russian experiment in the attempt to establish Socialism was that after the Revolution of 1917, the worker there had no property, no privately-used property. All he had and has now is his body, which is hired by the monopolistic, authoritarian, dictatorial state, for a scant subsistence wage. If this Capitalistic system of distribution of economic needs is unjust and bad, surely the governmental supervision of the needs of a people is worse.

When an Anarchist speaks against government, it should not mean against administration. Centralized government is dictatorship; liberal administration is democracy. Administration will always be necessary in society, regardless of its economic and social status.

Mot has always loved America, a great cosmopolitan nation with a true political democracy. Every American

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individual walks the street autonomously free. His movements, his aspirations, his attempts to establish himself in a rational way are never questioned or disturbed by any official with epaulets and brass buttons. The arrangements of the political administration of the United States have always been the nearest resemblance to Mot's ideal of a free society — even under Anarchism. Michael Bakunin clearly defined the principle of political federalism at the Peace and Liberty League (1867) when he said:

“Every people, whether weak or strong, little or great, every province, every community, must be free and autonomous; free to live and administer itself according to its interests and its special needs. In this right, all people and communities are so united, that the principle cannot be violated with respect to a single community without endangering all the rest at the same time.”

And so it is in the United States of America. Forty-eight states with their own characteristic administrations, yet they have no boundary lines watched day and night by patrols. Every city, every town, every village has its own autonomous administration and altogether live peacefully as neighbors, federated under one mutual agreement — the Constitution. Interstate commerce provides freedom of travel, transportation and social intercourse between the several states, without passports or special privilege.

Mot found recently a pleasant mental relief in the declaration of the Atlantic Charter, formulated by President Roosevelt and Winston Churchill.

In the Four Freedoms Mot saw a rescue ship to a person helplessly drifting, a ray of sunshine after a dark and troubled night, a gleam of hope for decency in the midst

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of barbaric turmoil and destruction, caused by a sadistic clique known as the Axis.

Freedom from Want.

What satire lies in these three words! Can future generations possibly conceive of a society, where in the midst of plenty there was want? What sane person of posterity will believe that humanity had spent hundreds of billions of dollars for destruction and yet denied a trifle of it for human subsistence?

So it is beginning to dawn on people that humanity must be free from want. Can it be achieved in a monopolistic system of society?

Freedom from Fear.

Fear is a mental status — the result of ever-threatening circumstances and conditions. The child that goes to sleep in its crib does not think of locking the door before retiring, or looking under the crib for a hiding intruder, because it does not entertain ideas of threat.

A country that places no patrols at her border, is not in fear of invasion, since it has no designs or intentions ever to invade its neighbor, and vice-versa.

Eugene Debs once said, "A person who thrusts a gun in his pocket, intends to use it some time . . ."

It may be against imaginary or potential danger, but a person who does not entertain such ideas will not carry a gun, because he is free from fear, which he creates himself.

Animals who are in fear of being devoured as the prey of other animals, entertain an instinctive fear for self-preservation, because they have no means of understanding as human being have in social life. But where the animal uses mutual aid to survive in the struggle for existence, they

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are free from fear. Should human being fear each other for their daily existence? Should they fear the day when they are no more capable of providing for themselves?

Freedom of Worship.

Since worship is the manifestation of excessive or ardent admiration, it is strictly a personal matter. A particular spiritual inclination is the result of one's mood. One may express his admiration for an individual person or deity privately or with others of the same faith. No person has the right to disturb the worship of another, nor has any worshipper the right to impose his faith on anyone who has no desire to entertain any kind of supernatural being or godly idea.

Freedom of Speech.

Free speech is the inalienable right in the life of every human being. To restrain a person from expressing his thought is as ridiculous and criminal as to restrict a bird of singing. Speech is the natural endowment of the human being, an indispensable medium for mutual understanding in society. The greatest coward is one who is afraid of speech.

In the final analyses, each individual, in his nation and his country, must work out his own part in the great drama of his life.

Thus muses Mot after three score and ten.

But there are two evil factors that rob the individual of peaceful pursuance of life — centralized wealth and centralized power.

National strife, wars, class struggle, riots, anti-Semitism, pogroms and general social unrest are the direct results

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of striving for and procuring of these two evils, for centuries past as well as at the present time.

Humanity will never live at peace with these two evils in its midst. Centralized wealth and power will eventually have to be eliminated.

It may sound like a Utopia at present. Every idea that is contrary to the prevailing thoughts, was always considered impossible — a Utopia — until it was realized.

Bigots may act like the ostrich, but earnest and wise men and women will face the truth. This material fact must be proclaimed, that there can be no enfranchisement of humanity from these evils, save by its abolition. Will humanity free itself completely from these evils? Or will it forever nurture a privileged minority, which through wealth and power will profit by humanity's progress, at the expense of those who live and suffer from want, while producing for others?

It rests with humanity to decide. Will it be the present generation, or that which follows it, or a still later one, which will be truly free?

It will be those who will have enough energy and courage to want to be free.

CHAPTER XXV

FINALE

A wise man once said — "The world is a comedy for those who think, a tragedy for one that feels." It may be so, but it may be added — that for the emotional thinker, the world is a drama.

What is the difference between comedy, tragedy and drama ?

The poet who is able to rise on his wings of thought, higher than this dry life of commerce, if he is able to conceive with a cool critical observation the cheapness and vulgarity of the present doings, the smallness in its comic appearance — life to him will be a comedy of nonsense, a farce of unreasonable coincidents; he will see the "wise guy" that calls himself MAN in a clown's costume; he will conceive the king of all creatures in a fool's cap, and as such he will present him to his public.

The great French poet Molliér, who wrote mostly comedies, was called the "god of laughter", and so the thinker who observes life with cold reason, sees the world as a comedy.

In a tragedy the author presents the fatal elements in our lives, elements consisting of happenings which men cannot explain, but believes that they occur by luck, or the caprices of almighty God — hence the man thinks not, nor feels, he sees in life tragedy only.

In the drama, there are none of unexplainable fatal happenings: every happening has its logical, natural cause; everything appears to have had circumstances, which must

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have existed. In drama one does not die, or is unfortunate without a reason — for some silly coincident. The dramatic presentation develops and grows naturally and reasonably until it becomes ripe, so every incident can be reasonably explained.

The dramatist tells us: "It is not enough to just feel only, or think only; if you want to understand the world of human life, — think and feel simultaneously."

Our life is a great World Drama, which takes place daily on the world-stage. In this Sociological Presentation are parts for all — for the parent and the villain, the lover and the intriguer, for the comic character and soubrette, for the royal-jester-fool and the street cleaner, for the cleverest person and the biggest fool, for the finest idealist and extreme materialist. It is like the advertisements of a big play: "a great personnel . . ." This great drama has innumerable scenes, appearances, effects, supplying sufficient material for all. Therein is plenty to think and feel about; there is something to laugh and weep, too.

History tells us of two Greek Philosophers. One was called "Democrit the laughing", because he laughed at and ridiculed the world. The other was called "Hiroclit the weeper" — he mourned the world. It is said, the first laughed at fools, the latter cried over . . . But the world does not consist of fools or rascals only; wisdom and ignorance, good and bad, sublime and degredation are woven together in the material that life weaves and all these together form the wonderful drama of life.

*"Gray — my friend — are all theories,
But life's Golden Tree — is green . . ."*

The serene calm thinker, ascending the peak of analysis

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and critic, looks down upon the world of human doings and sees a comedy.

The emotional person is terribly afraid of the tragic end . . . he cannot understand why suffer, why do we have to struggle to exist and why does the spectacle of life end with death and destruction — he becomes despondent — this is pessimism.

The one that thinks and feels, cannot doubt or be disappointed — despondent. He does not fear the happenings of life. He puts up a fight against the obstacles in life; he strives to change the circumstances that cause them. He knows that in this world-drama, things do not happen by chance or accident, they come by laws of natural cause.

IT IS A DRAMA ! The great Cosmos provides the decorations, the scenery. History provides the plot. Sociology provides the types and characters ! . . .

It is strange that the woman who played and plays a small part in our political and economic circumstances, occupies in the dramatic element of our life a peculiar place. In the cast of the World-Drama she is the "Leading Lady".

The woman was presented by the clergy as a useless utensil, which is full of irregularities . . . all bad attributes was hers . . . She was poisonous as a snake and sinful as the devil . . . Birth was her fault . . . if one was not born, one would not have to die ! . . . Man sensed that in pain he was born and in terrible agony one leaves the world . . . and this terrible end of the world-drama scared and displeased him, made life for him uneasy. . . .

The religious law maker, Buddha, lived a happy life . . . He had many pleasures and joys. He searched not, and bothered not with "wordly pains". He had eighty-four thousand wives and getting ready perhaps to another few thousands . . . But once, unexpectedly, he met four figures:

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AGE, SICKNESS, POVERTY and DEATH. He then lost his contentness and peace. Why do we have to have these miseries and suffering? Doesn't the man cheat himself with his pleasures? Why take wives, to swell the number of births — only to die? Life is a tragedy, and death is a terrible unjust appearance. . . .

These reflections led him to conclusions that — "to be or not to be is the same". But Buddha was clever, he invented a remedy to sweeten the bitter taste of life's tragedy, . . . an empty eternity — "Nirvana", where everything returns after death; where "being" cannot die, because it was not born; where nothing is destroyed, because *it does not "exist"*, and where everything exists forever, because there is no destruction, no death . . . Considering "Nirvana", life is nothing and what comes after death — is everything . . . Man attempts to cheat death by denying life. . . .

But life is independent of Man's YES or NAY.

*"Death is the cool night
Life is the callous day . . .
It is darkening, I'm sleepy,
The day has tired me.
A tree is growing above my bed
A nightingale is singing there,
She sings of love serene
I hear it even in my dream . . ."*



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